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THE

MYSTERIES OF MONTREAL;

BEING

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

BY CH. FÜHRER.

"Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

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INTRODUCTION.

During a long practice of over thirty years I have seen many things enacted here in this city of Montreal which, if told with the skill of a Dumas or a Collins, might not only astonish but startle the sedate residents of this Church-going community. I have often, while waiting for the advent of a little midnight visitor, beguiled the weary hours with a narrative of some of my experiences, and have been amused at the expression on the faces of my fair patients when told that my memory, and not my imagination, had been drawn upon for materials. Enquiry having frequently been made as to whether my recollections were published, I have been induced to print this volume, changing only names of persons and localities, so as to avoid identification. Many persons will find it hard to believe some of the occurrences which are herein mentioned, but those who have been concerned (directly or indirectly) with any of the parties to my narratives, will recognize, under the disguise of a false name, some person with whose history they are familiar. Should any discover his own actions here narrated, let him not think that I have wantonly endeavored to open old sores, but rather to warn others from taking that first false step which so often leads to future misery and bitter remorse.

Montreal, May, 1881.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life and Professional Struggles.

My father, an officer in the Hanoverian Army, having died while I was almost a child, I found myself, at the age of 17, governess in the family of the Baron Grovestein in Hamburg, Germany, where I met my present husband, Gustav Schrœder, at that time one of the most "eligible" young gentlemen in that city.

Though not particularly handsome, Gustav was all that could be desired in other respects. He was young, well educated, and the son of wealthy parents, and of an amiable disposition. Soon after my engagement at the Baron's, young Schrœder's visits (ostensibly to the family) became so frequent, that his friends, who had divined the cause, forbade his having anything to say to me, more than cold civility demanded; and insisted that his visits to the Grovestein mansion should be discontinued. This, it may well be supposed, had quite the opposite effect, and in a short time we were engaged to be married, with the formal, if not the hearty approval of Gustav's relations, and in course of time the marriage ceremony took place, with all the paraphernalia of an *Alt-Deutsch Hochzeits-fest.*

Now, however, came the question: How are we to live? for my husband had no settled profession, and his parents, though wealthy, could not deprive their more obedient children of their rights to benefit the perverse Gustav. They gave him sufficient to start him in business, with the understanding that he would emigrate to America, their idea being that a German gentleman with a little capital could not fail to make a fortune among the comparatively illiterate Columbians. To New York accordingly we came, and Gustav labored assiduously to establish a business as importer of German manufactures; he soon found, however, that men who did not know Horace from Euripides could drive closer bargains, and make quicker sales than he could, and, as he was too proud to compound with his correspondents in the old country, and insisted on conscientiously paying a hundred cents for a dollar, we found ourselves in less than three years, with diminished capital in specie, and an increased one as regards future candidates for the Presidency, on our way back to our common Fatherland. Through the influence of his friends, Gustav procured a good situation in a merchant's office, but he was altogether unsuited both by temperament and education for such a position, and I soon made up my mind that I must either prepare to enter the world's great battlefield in person, or live in helpless dependence on my husband's relations.

I had often while in America wondered why the ladies

of that Republic (so advanced and enlightened in everything else) should submit to a practice so revolting, so contrary to all ideas of morality and refinement as is the system of man-midwifery so widely practiced in the United States. No German lady would think of permitting the attendance of a man at her bedside on such an occasion, and though custom in England seems generally to sanction the absurd practice, yet Her Majesty Queen Victoria never allows her medical advisers to be in attendance in any other capacity than that of *consulting* physicians. I had discussed the matter frequently with married ladies in New York, and they were generally agreed, that, could only competent ladies be found in the United States, man-midwifery would soon cease to be practiced in that Republic. I accordingly resolved to devote all my energies to the study of that particular branch of the medical profession, and my efforts were crowned with success. In two years I obtained a diploma from the Hamburg University, and soon after prepared to return to America. *

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* Dr. Playfair, President of the Obstetrical Society of London, in his address delivered in February, 1879, said :— "I confess that it is with a feeling of regret, something akin to shame, when I reflect that I am supposed to teach a class of young men the entire subject of midwifery, and the diseases of women and children, in a short summer course of something under forty lectures. The thing is a manifest and ridiculous absurdity, hence we have, of necessity, to omit, year by year, *at least half of midwifery proper.*"

About this time a friend of my husband's informed us that the climate of Canada was very much superior to that of the Eastern States, and much more like that of Germany, and that in Montreal I would be likely to find, not only a pleasant city, but a people more European in style and custom, also a capital field for the exercise of my profession. For Montreal then we sailed with hearts full of hope, and, being fifty-four days at sea, I was summoned by the Captain to attend a lady on board (which I did with the success which has since invariably attended my efforts), and this was my debut as a professional accoucheur.

On our arrival at Montreal we presented letters of introduction to the German Consul, and the leading members of the German Society, and I soon became fully occupied in the exercise of my profession. Dr. X..... (now one of our most distinguished physicians) not only tolerated my vocation, but, with a magnanimity worthy of his genius and ability, gave me counsel and advice, and recommend-

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The Principal of Calcutta Medical College writes Dr. Playfair thus :—"To what a hideous extent is the practice of midwifery carried on in England *by utterly unqualified men*, whom the unhappy women and their friends believe to be qualified, and the system in your hospitals sadly favors this."

Yet there are some women who will smother every feeling of modesty and morality, and trust their lives to one of these licentiates rather than commit themselves to the care of a thoroughly trained midwife of their own sex. Surely nothing can be more absurd and irrational.

ed me as highly as possible to his confrères and the public. Some few resident doctors threw cold water on my enterprise, but, to their credit be it spoken, the profession at large treated me invariably with the greatest kindness and courtesy, shewing thereby a liberality and largeness of heart which is ever the outcome of real ability.

I was not long installed in my new home when, as we were sitting cosily round the fire, the door bell was rung furiously, and on my going down to receive my visitor, I was astonished to find a gentleman with a newborn baby wrapped in the tail of his broadcloth coat. He said he was its father, and that the mother had taken suddenly ill before any provision could be made for its reception, and he implored me to take it, as he would otherwise feel impelled to throw it in the river. I thought my heart would break to see the poor infant so ruthlessly treated, so I took it from him, promising to see it safely to some charitable institution. He told me his name was Ferguson, that he was in business in Montreal, and that if I would deposit the child in some charitable institution and call and see its mother during her recovery, he would pay all necessary expenses. It was too late that night to go out with the child, so I prepared some food for its nourishment and kept it till the next day, resolved to go after dusk and see the Lady Superior at one of the nunneries, but to my chagrin I discovered that the nunnery was closed, and I was obliged to return home with the babe, which, by-the-

by, continued to roar lustily all the way, and so attracted public attention to me (its presumptive mother) that I wept as bitterly as the child itself, and was heartily sorry that I had undertaken any such mission.

Next day I set out again in good time, but now a new difficulty awaited me. The good Sister who received me informed me that only those who were baptized and received into the Catholic Faith were eligible for admission. On hearing this I burst into tears; I told her my story, that the child was not mine, but that I was commissioned by its father to deliver it to her, and I besought her so earnestly to take it from me that she very considerately did so, and on my handing her the necessary fee, she undertook to have it regularly baptized and admitted.

In the evening I called to see the mother; she was lying on a miserable couch in a low lodging-house in the Quebec suburbs, yet she had about her the air of a lady, and on her finger glittered a ring set with brilliants. She wept when I told her how her child was disposed of, but said that she had no other alternative, as if her father, who was a lawyer of eminence, had any idea of her predicament, he would cast her off in shame; that when she first discovered her condition she persuaded her paramour to make a formal proposal for her hand, but her father was enraged beyond measure, and threatened her so terribly that she, for a time at least, put away all thoughts of Ferguson from her mind, and had not quite decided how to act, when the

occurrence took place which led to the visit aforementioned, and caused the necessity for my attendance. Miss L—— had barely time to call in a carriage at Ferguson's office, and apprise him of her condition, when she was taken ill, and obliged to procure a lodging with all speed. Ferguson selected the wretched hovel alluded to, as being away from all chance of discovery by his or her friends, and after my visit, empowered me to engage a nurse, and make what other arrangements I could for Miss L——'s comfort. She managed to get a confidential friend to telegraph her father from Quebec that she had arrived in that city, and then sent on a letter and had it mailed there, stating that she had gone on the steamboat the previous evening to see some friends off, and, remaining too long on board, was taken away eastward, but would return on receiving the passage money from Montreal.

With this story she managed to deceive her otherwise astute father, and in four days she actually got up and went to her own home in a carriage; insisting on retiring immediately to her room in consequence of the nervous excitement and fatigue she had undergone. The nurse I had engaged to attend her, she on some pretence or another smuggled into the house as a domestic servant, and so not only managed to have an attendant, but to keep up a clandestine communication with Ferguson and the outer world.

In the frantic hope of acquiring a rapid fortune, Ferguson

migrated to New Orleans, but just then the American war broke out, and he was pressed into the service. Whether he was killed or not Miss L—— never found out; his letters became gradually less frequent, till finally she lost all trace of him whatever, and she eventually married a wholesale merchant of this city, who is to this day probably unaware of this little episode in his wife's former career. Sometimes I see her in her carriage driving with liveried servants along St. James street, and I cannot refrain from thinking of the innocent babe as it lay in poor Ferguson's coat-tail.

CHAPTER II.

A Just Retribution.

One evening, about the middle of June, 18—, a gentleman called to see me, accompanied by a lady closely veiled. He said he wished me to procure suitable lodging for her, and to attend her on her accouchement, which was now close at hand, stating that no money would be spared to furnish everything necessary either to her comfort or convenience. As I did not know of any lodging suitable to a person of her station, I was puzzled how to act; I did not want to lose a patient, and yet could not, even if so disposed, make room for her in my own house. I knew that my next door neighbor (an elderly French-Canadian lady) was accustomed to take in lodgers; so, leaving the lady and gentleman for a while in my parlor, I went to see if I could make arrangements for the reception of the former. Madame Charbonneau, my neighbor, had all her rooms occupied, but said she was willing for a consideration to give up her drawing-rooms for a time to the fair patient. This was eminently satisfactory to me, as, in the event of an emergency, I would be close at hand; I accordingly arranged for Mrs. Trotter's accommodation, and on report-

ing to Mr. Dombey, the gentleman aforementioned, he seemed to be perfectly satisfied. From what I afterwards learned, I am able to inform the reader that Mr. Dombey was junior partner in the house of Dombey & Son, dry goods merchants, in this city, his father, Jacob Dombey, sen., being considered one of the wealthiest importers in Canada. In his youth Jacob Dombey, jun., had been pampered and petted beyond measure, his every whim being carried out even at great expense; arrived at the age of twenty-one he became enamored of a young lady whose father kept a small toy-shop on Notre Dame street, and nothing would content him but a marriage with the "Goddess," as his innamorata was called. At first he was quite proud of his pretty wife, and was to be seen daily in Sherbrooke street, driving her behind a splendid span of spirited bay horses, but after a few months he grew tired of this routine, and with his bosom friend, Richard Fairfax, might be seen nightly at the theatres and other places of amusement, while his poor wife sat in patient loneliness awaiting his return.

Mrs. Trotter was the daugher of a Civic Official of high standing, and had married at a very early age a retired English Officer, who, being well advanced in years, left her at the age of twenty-four a widow with four children. Trotter was possessed of little besides his pension, which died with him; so Mrs. T. was obliged to eke out a miserable subsistence on the receipts from a little city property left her by

her father. Soon after her husband's demise Mrs. Trotter removed to Lachine (a small village on the river side about nine miles above Montreal), in order to live more economically, and soon became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Dombey, who had taken up their abode there for the summer season. Mrs. Dombey took quite a fancy to the fascinating widow, and they soon became inseparable.

Every evening on the promenade might be seen Mrs. Trotter leaning on the arm of Mr. Dombey, his wife following accompanied by his friend Fairfax; or they were together on the river boating, or enjoying a pic-nic on "Dixie" Island. Occasionally, when the weather was unfavorable to out-door amusements, they would engage in a rubber of whist, generally ending the evening with a little music. Dombey did not know one tune from another, but his wife praised Mrs. Trotter's singing so highly that he soon imagined that in that art, as in others, she was nearly, if not altogether, perfect. When it became time for Mrs. Trotter to go home, Jacob used to escort her to her cottage on the river bank, about a mile distant from his own residence, and after a few weeks there sprang up an intimacy between them which culminated in the incidents which gave rise to my narrative.

On the day following that on which I had engaged her apartments Mrs. Trotter took up her abode at Madame Charbonneau's, and about six weeks afterwards her baby, a beautiful girl, was born; she sent a message to Mr. Dombey's

office, and in the afternoon he called to see her. He was greatly pleased with the baby, and took it up fondly in his arms, and on leaving placed a roll of bank bills in my hand, telling me to get everything necessary for either the mother or her child, also to get the latter whatever clothing it might require. After that he called almost daily, and when Mrs. Trotter was sufficiently recovered to return to her home, he pressed me so strongly to keep the baby till it was a little older, and not to leave it to the tender mercies of an ignorant nurse, that I consented to keep it till it was two years old, and then to obtain for it, if possible, adoption by some respectable married persons.

Margery, the baby aforementioned, turned out one of the most beautiful children I had ever seen. Her father and mother visited her frequently during the time she was at my house, and on my giving her for adoption to Mr. Walker (a respectable Vermont farmer without any children of his own) they were both deeply affected. Dombey was anxious that Mrs. Trotter should take it to her own home, but, as "Mrs. Grundy" had already been discussing her movements, she dare not, without fear of ruining her children, take the baby under the roof. As there was no help for it the baby was allowed to go to Vermont, and grew up a beautiful girl, passionately devoted to the only parents she had ever known; Mrs. Walker dying during the child's infancy, Mr. Walker had her educated as well as his means would permit, and they passed their time in

the most perfect harmony and sweet content. After the war, however, Walker found himself almost without a penny in the world, and, thinking to better his fortunes removed to New York, where he managed to make a poor living as a subordinate in the Custom House. Margery regretted this change of circumstances very much, but, being thoroughly devoted to her father, she did not repine, but did all in her power to make his home as happy as could be under such conditions. She missed her accustomed amusements very much, and although in New York she saw many things and found many opportunities which would have been altogether unknown to her in the country, yet she was a long time in becoming reconciled to the close and stifling atmosphere of a great metropolitan city.

One night her father promised her a great treat, they were to go to X* * * * * 's theatre to see Mademoiselle B—— in Romeo and Juliet. Margery sat with strained eyes gazing wistfully at the play, laughing and weeping by turns as the great master's power was exerted on the audience by the artists engaged, and at the close she heaved a deep sigh, consequent upon having held her breath so long, and without thought exclaimed aloud :—" Oh, what would I not give to be able to act like that." The manager who was close by, and who had been watching the attentive beauty for some time, overheard the remark, and intercepting the pair on their way out of the theatre said :— " I noticed that you were favorably impressed with the piece ; would

you like an introduction to Miss B——, the principal actress ?" Margery was overcome with delight, and besought her father so earnestly to allow her to go into the green room that he accompaned her thither, and they obtained an introduction to the famous artiste. Miss B—— was quite taken with the innocent enthusiasm of the girl, and invited her to come to her benefit on the following evening, when she was to appear as Parthenia in " Ingomar; " Margery, having obtained her father's permission, readily consented, and all the way home was full of praises for Juliet, Romeo, the manager, and all concerned. On the following evening the manager drew her father aside and whispered in his ear:— " You have a fortune in that girl of yours." Walker, misunderstanding the purport of his words, replied:— " Yes, she is a good and affectionate child, as much so as if I were her natural parent." " You do not understand me," said the other; " I mean she has immense emotional power, which, if artistically cultivated, would, coupled with her personal appearance, make both her fortune and yours."

" Do you think so ? " replied Walker; " well, if we had only the means I would certainly have her trained, for, since she has seen Mademoiselle B—— act, her great ambition seems to be to occupy a similar position." After further conversation it was agreed to place Margery under the care of Mrs. L*****, with a view of becoming a professional actress; for, although Walker did not at all care for the

stage or its concomitants, still he did not wish to throw any obstacles in the way of his adopted child's prosperity. Margery, therefore, was allowed to pursue the bent of her inclinations, and such an apt pupil was she that in a little over eighteen months her debut was announced in the papers, and a crowded house showered floral and other trophies on the beautiful debutante. Offers of engagements from different cities came flowing in, and before long Miss Margery Montague was announced to appear in Montreal. Her fame had preceded her thither, and Fairfax was instructed to secure a box for the Dombey family. Dombey himself (who had followed the career of his child) tried hard to excuse himself from going, but his wife was not satisfied to leave him at home; he sat in the back of the box, and as the applause grew louder and louder, he showered costly bouquets, and other offerings on the stage, his breast meanwhile being torn by conflicting passions. How proud he would have been to clasp her to his heart and call her his own; but he had wilfully put her away from him, and now, even could he receive her into his family, would her adopted father be willing to give her up again. With flushed face and beating heart he sought the manager, and begged to be allowed to see the fair artiste, a favor which was granted; and, as he stood before his child, and poured forth the usual stereotyped compliments and congratulations, he bit his lips as he thought that he dared not press her to his heart, but was forced to speak to her in terms of cold politeness.

On their return from the Theatre Mrs. Dombey announced her intention of calling on the talented actress, and the following day she went, accompanied by her daughters, to the St. Lawrence Hall, at that time the most fashionable hotel in the city, where she was cordially received; and the young actress made such a favorable impression on the ladies that they invited her to dine at their house on the following day, an invitation which was readily accepted.

Dombey was greatly moved when he heard that Miss Montague had accepted an invitation to dinner, but there was no help for it, and, as though to make matters worse invitations were sent to a few intimate friends, including Mrs. Trotter. Here, then, was a painful position for the two guilty ones: they were forced to sit and see the child whom they had cast off fêted and honored by the woman both of them had injured. It seemed as if a wet blanket were placed over the whole assembly: Dombey sat moodily biting his finger-nails, and as Mrs. Trotter would not sing and Mrs. Dombey *could* not, matters went very slowly indeed.

When the time came for separating, Mrs. Dombey motioned to Jacob to see Miss Montague to her hotel, but he, being deep in a fit of abstraction, his eldest son Charles stepped forward, and before his father could prevent him, was equipped in greatcoat and overshoes, ready for a moonlight stroll. During the evening he had noticed that Charles was rather attentive to the fair actress, and the

thought that an intimacy between them was possible drove him to the verge of distraction. Mrs. Dombey noticed his strange behavior, and asked him the cause, on which he muttered something about "Auction lunch — infernal champagne," and some other incoherent exclamations, altogether unintelligible to his unsuspicious wife. When he and his paramour got outside they walked along in gloomy silence for several minutes—at last he addressed her: "Is it not strange that this child, whom I had thought far removed from me and mine, should be brought even into my own house, and eat at my table?"

"Oh, it is fearful; only think what would be the consequence if an intimacy should spring up between her and Charles!"

"Yes, I must send him away at once."

Mrs. Trotter reminded him that this step was unnecessary, as Miss Montague left the next day for Chicago to fulfil a professional engagement. He heaved a sigh of relief, and then, with a passionate tug at Mrs. Trotter's door bell, turned to go away.

"Will you not come in a while, Jack?" she said.

"No, he replied, Clara (Mrs. Dombey) would suspect something. She looked at me very strangely this evening."

"But you will come to-morrow," rejoined the temptress.

"Yes, I will look in on my way up from the office," he said. "Good night."

"Good night, Jack," said she.

As he got to his own door he found Charles leaning pensively against the balustrade, gazing wistfully at the heavens.

" Well, Charlie, have you forgotten your latch-key ? "

" N—no Sir," stammered Charles, " but it is so confoundedly hot inside that I did not care to go in."

Dombey reflected that as the thermometer registered only about ten degrees Fahrenheit he had but to open his window to attain as low a temperature as was consistent with comfort ; however, he said nothing, and they both walked upstairs.

" Good night, Charlie. "

" Good night, Father. "

And they entered their respective chambers.

I have heard it said that if two men are placed in one bed, one in love and the other with a toothache, that the man with the toothache will fall asleep first. Here, however, were two men ; one, past the prime of life, afflicted with the most bitter remorse ; the other, young and susceptible, with all the fever of a youthful passion springing up within his breast. Dombey could not sleep ; the thought that what at first was barely possible was now become highly probable goaded him almost to madness. He rose and dressed himself, going quietly out of the front door into Sherbrooke street. Along the street he went at a fearful pace, till, almost faint from want of breath, he turned down the hill towards the city, habit bringing him along the route

he was accustomed to take to his office. As he turned the corner of St. James street, he saw (for there were few persons abroad) a young man walking moodily up and down on the side opposite the St. Lawrence Hall; he turned as if he had seen an apparition, and ran rather than walked in the direction of his own home.

Next day Miss Montague departed for the West, Mrs. and Miss Dombey accompanied by Charles went to see her off at the Depot, and with many assurances of a future meeting, should she ever return to Montreal, they separated as the train moved slowly past the platform. As the drawing-room car was just clearing the station, Miss Montague held a piece of paper out of the window, which Charles caught eagerly and placed in his pocket-book. His mother and sister chaffing him on receiving tender messages from the fair artiste, he laughingly produced it.

It was nothing more nor less than a page of an old time-table, and both Mrs. and Miss Dombey laughed at the strange souvenir Miss Montague had left behind her. When they got home, however, Charles carefully opened the paper and observed that opposite each of the cities on her route Miss Montague had placed a figure in pencil thus :— Chicago, 4; Detroit, 2; Toledo, 2; Toronto, 3; New York; 6, Boston, 6. This, though unintelligible to his mother and sister, informed Charles that Miss Montague would go first to Chicago and remain four days, and afterwards to the other cities mentioned, and that he might write or meet her there as opportunity afforded.

That day matters resumed their normal condition in the Dombey family ; Jacob breathed freely now that his child had returned to the country of her adoption, and his wife and family were happy because of his improved spirits and appearance. Charles had apparently settled down to business as usual, and Mesdames Trotter and Dombey drove out together as of old. In a few weeks, however, Charles asked his father permission to go for his holidays; a friend having invited him to spend a few weeks at Nahant an island near Boston. There being nothing to keep him in Montreal he had no difficulty in procuring consent, and he departed, taking fishing tackle enough to have supplied the whole Atlantic coast for a season. When his father learned the real object of his visit to Boston, he raved like a madman ; he came to see me, and told me the whole story, most of which I had learnt before from other sources and he persuaded me to go to Boston and to take on my self the painful duty of informing Miss Montague who and what she really was, and why it was impossible that she could ever marry Charles Dombey. The poor girl was almost heart-broken, for she had learnt to love her step-brother dearly, and now she would have to be separated from him entirely. It was not for herself, however, that she mourned the most, it was for him, when he should learn of the wide gulf which separated them from each other. He never did learn it, however ; Miss Montague consented (for his sake) to accept an engagement in England, and to trust

to years to soften the blow which had smitten her so severely. She wrote to Charles, telling him that, for reasons unexplained, she never could be his wife, although she loved him dearly, and that as there was no use striving against fate, she had bowed to the inevitable, and taken a foreign engagement. At first Charles was desperately cut up, but time, that physician *par excellence*, healed his wounds, and he is now married to a respectable lady of this city; deservedly successful in his business, and with a stainless reputation. Jacob Dombey staggered along under his load for years, but, unable to contain himself, he one day confessed the affair to his wife, who, instead of denouncing him as the wretch he was, pitied and sympathized with; aye, and not only that, she received his mistress into hes house as before, rather than make public his heartless conduct. Truly such an angel never received such heartless treatment, or was so little appreciated. It broke her heart however, and over her grave Dombey resolved to cast Mrs. Trotter off forever, and send her away from the city. He accordingly arranged with her to take an annual allowance and go to New York with her family, vowing that he could no longer endure her presence, which was grown distasteful to him.

This did not at all suit Mrs. Trotter, who had now hoped to become the legal mistress of the Dombey mansion. But all her tears were of no avail; the bitter pangs of remorse were tearing Dombey's bosom, and he would hear of nothing

but her immediate departure for the United States. He determined that however he might have blighted the life of the wife whose excellent qualities he had only now begun to appreciate, nothing should stand in the way of her children's advancement; and the voice of a scandal having already been heard concerning Mrs. Trotter, he felt that her immediate departure was a necessity. She argued and entreated, but it was of no avail, and she accordingly made the best of her case and got from him a liberal allowance. Hers was not of a nature to reform, however; she went from bad to worse, and finally took to smoking opium as a means to relieve her gnawing conscience, ending her days prematurely.

Dombey survived her but a short time. He tried hard to make amends for the past by increased attention to the children of his late wife, but he never fully recovered himself, and finally succumbed to a wasting fever, superinduced by late hours and immoderate drinking. To his last hour his conscience smote him at the triple wrong he had inflicted on his children, his natural daughter, and his confiding wife.

CHAPTER III.

The Rag Baby.

Madame Charbonneau gave such entire satisfac' on as *Maitresse d'Hôpital* that I purchased her interest in the lease of the house, and employed her permanently as my aide-de-camp. In a short time we established quite a reputation, and applications for accommodation poured in from all quarters.

One bitter cold day towards the end of March a lady and gentleman arrived by the morning train from the United States. The lady was apparently about thirty-five years of age, while the gentleman might have been from five to ten years her senior, and, although plainly attired, they had the appearance of belonging to the better class of society. The gentleman informed me that they had just arrived from New York, and had put up at the St. Lawrence Hall; but that his wife had taken ill unexpectedly, and, hearing that she would be better cared for in my house than at the Hall, he wished, if possible, to secure rooms and professional attendance. The house being rather full at the time, Madame Charbonneau was obliged to give her the nurse's room (which contained two beds) till some of the other rooms should become vacant; this her husband

readily assented to, and arranged to call in the afternoon and bring the necessary funds, which I always made it a point to collect in advance. The lady seeming tired and exhausted, I recommended her to divest herself of her clothing and retire to bed, which she accordingly did, and soon fell into a deep sleep. In the afternoon the gentleman returned, and, having settled the bills, went upstairs to see his wife who was just then partaking of some light refreshment. He expressed himself well pleased with our arrangements, and said he would call regularly to see how his wife progressed.

That night as the nurse was about to retire, she was surprised to find, under the coverlet of her bed, an enormous rag baby, as large as a child of two years old, dressed completely, with shoes, bonnet and veil. Her astonishment can easily be imagined as she held it up to the light and carefully examined it; then, laughing heartily, she turned to Mrs. Roberts (my patient) and said:

"My! who could have put this baby in my bed?" On which that lady replied with evident embarrassment that the baby was a doll belonging to her niece, and that, imagining the bed to be unoccupied, she had, in unpacking her trunk, placed it there for the sake of convenience, and apologized for being so careless. The nurse made no reply, but, being of a jovial disposition, danced with it into the other rooms, exclaiming, much to the chagrin of the lady, that she had found a beautiful baby in her bed. The other

patients wondered what it was, and whence it came, and appealed to me for information, but, as I knew nothing about it myself, their curiosity was not gratified in the least. On my questioning the lady she told me a story similar to that which she told the nurse, but her countenance contradicted her assertions, and the idea of any child carrying a doll of the dimensions of the rag baby was too absurd for credence. No more was said about it, however, and the matter passed almost completely from our memory.

For three or four days things went on as usual, Mrs. Roberts getting to all appearances better every day, and her husband's visits being paid with due regularity ; one day, however, he failed to appear, and Mrs. Roberts seemed very uneasy. After tea she asked for the evening paper, and hastily scanned its columns, when her eye fell on some item of interest, and she became deadly pale. The American war being then in progress I thought she might have learned of the death of a friend or relation, so I inquired if anything were amiss, and was astonished when she pointed out a paragraph containing an account of her husband's arrest for enlisting British subjects for the American army, and smuggling them across the line, She now took me into her confidence, and explained that she was an accomplice of her husband, and that they had made a practice of enlisting men in Montreal. Her husband usually remained here, as it was dangerous for him to tra-

vel to and fro, but she was sent as an escort for each recruit, and the baby was used to avert suspicion, as no sentinel would think of scrutinizing a man closely who went across accompanied with his wife and child. The excess of travel had weakened her frame, and now this shock came to still further shake her system; the result was a premature confinement, and a long and weary illness.

Ere she recovered she got a letter from her husband, bearing the New York postmark. It seems he had been liberated on bail, (having influential friends) and had at once made the best of his way to the United States. His wife soon joined him, taking with her the redoubtable rag baby, which had afforded us so much food for gossip and conjecture.

CHAPTER IV.

A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

Alfred Grandison was born in the ancient city of Bristol in the year 1831. His father had been bandmaster in a British Cavalry regiment, but had retired some years previous to the birth of little Alfred, and made a comfortable livelihood by teaching the children of the wealthy residents of Clifton, the fashionable suburb of Bristol. Young Alfred soon gave evidence of great musical talent, and used to amuse himself blowing trumpet calls on his father's French horn, although the instrument was almost as big as himself; he also achieved considerable mastery over the piano, the flute and the violin, but, though bright and intelligent enough, and always maintaining a creditable position at school, it was evident that nature had intended him for a musician, and that he could never succeed in anything prosaic or mechanical. Accordingly his father taught him not only to play, but also instructed him in the theory and literature of music, and, when he was old enough, had him entered as a chorister in Bristol Cathedral, where, in addition to vocal music, he was carefully taught the art of organ-playing by the Cathedral organist.

The boy soon became able to play quite skilfully, and

when his voice began to give way he obtained a position as organist in the church at Shirehampton, performing on a small instrument with one row of keys. From Shirehampton he shortly removed to a more remunerative position in Bristol, and he was not long there before he fell in love with the daughter of a hotel-keeper in one of the suburbs, whom, in spite of the remonstrance of both relatives and friends, he eventually married, although she was both poor and plain-looking, and at least ten years his senior. "A young man married is a man that's marred" says Shakespeare, and, without venturing an opinion as to the correctness of this theory, we may say that young Grandison had made a great mistake. In a short time his affection, or fancied affection, for his wife became less ardent, and he found himself, at the age of twenty-four, married to a woman who had neither taste nor sympathy in common with him, the father of three helpless children, and the recipient of the stupendous emolument of sixty pounds a year. Added to all this, his friends, being unwilling to associate with his wife and relations, had, one by one, deserted him, and left him almost alone to brood over his ill-advised alliance.

Whilst moodily glancing at an evening paper he saw an advertisement for an organist who would be willing to go to Canada, and at once seizing at the idea he applied for the post, which he eventually obtained without great difficulty, sailing for Montreal in the spring of 1855, to

play the organ and direct the music of one of the leading Episcopal churches in this city. At that time there were, very few musicians of ability in Montreal, and Mr. Grandison soon became quite popular, both professionally and socially. His wife was at first invited out, but, finding that she seldom accompanied her husband on these occasions, her name was, in time, dropped from the invitations, and Mr. Grandison was treated as if he were a bacheler, many indeed being altogether unaware of the fact that he had a wife and family.

Among those who took Grandison by the hand was a certain Mr. Sedley, a professional man of high standing. Mary Sedley, the daughter of the latter was possessed of a remarkably fine voice, and was one of the ornaments of the church choir, so that the family were naturally interested in the advent of a new organist from England, under whose careful training the music of the church was to be developed and improved. It was decided to place Mary Sedley under the special charge of Mr. Grandison, and he accordingly went twice a week to the house to give her lessons in singing, and when there was a special Anthem to be sung his visits were much more frequent. Then the Sedleys gave grand musical parties to which Mr. Grandison was of course, invited, playing Miss Sedley's accompaniment on the pianoforte, while she entranced the assembled company with her singing; in fact, no gathering of the Sedley family was complete without the presence of the handsome and accomplished Mr. Grandison.

All this, in its way, was harmless enough, but Mary Sedley was a blooming girl of seventeen, and Grandison, as I have said was quite a young man, and from the frequent walking home with her alone from services and rehearsals, and other meetings in society, there arose an intimacy which, though unnoticed by Mary's parents, and possibly not by the young people themselves, could not be productive of anything in the long run but sorrow and remorse.

One Saturday night when Mary came home rather later than usual, her father (who, though fond of her, was an austere man) questioned her gruffly as to the cause of her delay, when she replied : — " Oh ! papa, I am to sing ' As Pants the Hart ' to-morrow, and Mr. Grandison insisted on my trying it with the organ after practice. It is exceedingly difficult, you know."

Her father *did not know*, and was inclined to be very angry. The next day, however, he forgot it all in the delight of hearing his daughter's voice resounding through the sacred edifice ; Grandison was invited to dinner, and everything was once more *couleur de rose.*

The first winter after Grandison's arrival in Canada he gave a grand concert in Nordheimer's Hall, then the principal concert hall in the city. Mary Sedley was the Prima Donna, and bouquet after bouquet was thrown at her feet, as she retired amid the plaudits of the multitude. After the concert Grandison accompanied them home to supper, and about twelve o'clock took his leave of the family.

About an hour afterwards Mr. Sedley, thinking he heard a noise, got up and searched the house, when, to his surprise, he found the door unfastened. He thought he remembered having secured it as he retired to rest, but was not certain; however, he proceeded in his search, and on coming to Mary's room, found the door locked, and heard his daughter breathing heavily, as if asleep. Being unwilling to disturb her, he returned to his bed, and, ere morning, the affair had passed from his memory. Had he remained awake, however, he might have seen a man emerge from his daughter's room, and, creeping stealthily along the passage, go out at the hall-door, his daughter, the pure, spotless Mary, *leader of Psalmody and sacred lays*, following close at his heels, to fasten the door and make good his retreat.

This sort of thing went on for a long time, unsuspected by either Miss Sedley's parents or friends, when Mary became suddenly placed in a very awkward position. A certain Mr. Hazelton, junior partner in a large hardware firm, had long been a suitor of hers, and had asked repeatedly for her hand; her father had hitherto refused to give his consent, owing to her tender age, but he had now withdrawn every obstacle, and left her free to get married if she chose; more than that, he urged Hazelton's suit, and, though unwilling to coerce his daughter in any way, gave her to understand that he was particularly desirous that she should give Hazelton a favorable reply.

Under ordinary circumstances Mary would have had no hesitation in refusing to have anything to say to Hazelton, but for some time rumor had been busy circulating scandal concerning herself and Grandison, and, as she was at that moment not in a condition to bear scrutiny, she was afraid to awaken suspicion by refusing Hazelton's offor, and so he was made the "happiest of men" (?)

A short time after Miss Sedley had become engaged to Mr. Hazelton she went with her father and mother to Cacouna, where they had a summer residence. By a strange co-incidence, Grandison also chose Cacouna at which to spend his holidays, and combined business with pleasure by giving occasional concerts at the St. Lawrence Hall, which hotel had just been erected, and was the fashionable resort of those people from Montreal and Quebec who could manage to exchange the heated atmosphere of these cities for the more bracing air of Canada's popular watering-place. Mr. Hazelton was unable to leave Montreal, and Mrs. Grandison was not disposed to accompany her husband, even if he could have afforded to take her; in fact, the poor woman, feeling that she was a burden and drag on her husband, had taken to drinking, and had gradually removed herself still further from the pale of fashionable society. Her house (which was situated in a back street in Montreal) was not only untidy, but positively dirty; and her children ran about the streets ill-clad, uneducated, and uncared for.

The Sedleys had not been long at Cacouna when one morning the old gentleman walking out, as was his wont, before breakfast, saw through the fog (which in this district usually hangs about for some time after sunrise) a man descend from his daughter's bedroom window and walk hastily in the direction of the hotel. Both the distance and the fog prevented him from positively recognizing the man's features, but the form and carriage were unmistakably those of Alfred Grandison. Mr. Sedley was, so to speak, " struck all of a heap," he could not believe the evidence of his own senses, and for a few moments he stood rooted to the spot as if thunderstruck; then he rushed into the house, and going straight to his daughter's room upbraided her with her shameful conduct, but was met by a bold and unqualified denial, the young lady stating that she had been till that moment asleep, and that possibly some burglar had been in the premises, whom her father had mistaken for a gay Lothario. She burst into tears and wondered that her father could have such an opinion of her, and suggested that immediate search should be made, to see if any articles of value were missing. Her father was by no means convinced of his mistake, however ; he thought it possible that his daughter might not have been aware of Grandison's presence, or that he might only have been *about to enter* the house when he was frightened away ; but that Grandison was there he felt certain, so, going immediately over to the hotel, he charged him directly

with his crime, at the same time, presenting a loaded revolver at his head, he threatened to blow his brains out. This, as may be supposed, did not prove a ready means of eliciting a confession from the cowardly Grandison. The poor wretch cowered before the righteous indignation of the broken-hearted father, and swore by every saint in the Calendar that the latter must have been mistaken, and thae nothing criminal had ever taken place between the young lady and himself.

Mr. Sedley only half believed these asseverations, but, as may be seen, he was a poor diplomatist, and took the very worst way to arrive at anything like the truth. So saying "Not guilty, but *don't do it again*," or words to that effect, he left the hotel and returned to his own house. Here he disclosed his fears to his wife, but she scouted the idea as preposterous, and urged him to have Mary's marriage with Hazelton celebrated as soon as convenient, and so put an end to all possible contingencies.

Shortly after the return of the family to Montreal Mr. Hazelton led to the altar with pride the "blushing" Mary Sedley. Good cause, indeed, had she to blush, for never was man more egregiously "sold" than was "Mr. Samuel Hazelton, of the city of Montreal, merchant." The *happy couple* left by the evening train for Boston, the "Wedding March," which was admirably performed by Mr. Grandison, still ringing in their ears.

About five months after this unholy marriage Mrs. Hazel-

ton called on me, and disclosed to me the whole state of the case, informing me (of which there was little necessity) that her confinement was close at hand, and soliciting my aid to get her out of the difficulty. My first impulse was to call on her husband and acquaint him with the facts: but, remembering that he occupied a prominent position, not only in the mercantile, but also in the religious community; moreover, that a disclosure would in no way mend the matter, and would be a lasting disgrace not only, to the two culprits, but also to Messrs. Sedley and Hazelton I listened calmly to her plans for getting out of the difficulty. She suggested pretending a miscarriage, wished me to invite her to my house, where she would become ill, and unable to leave till after her child was born. The child was then to be conveyed to the nunnery, her husband being deluded into the belief that she had miscarried.

Now, in the ordinary course of business, I would have been perfectly justified in attending her without troubling my head about her antecedents; indeed, had she been unmarried I would possibly have given my services, but in this case the lady was married, and the child lawfully belonged to her husband, *whose heir it was*, although actually belonging to another man.

I accordingly declined having anything to do with her case, although I promised that, as her confession was made to me in confidence and as a professional secret, I would not disclose it to anyone. Having friends in Boston,

she made some excuse to visit them, and she was not long there when her husband received a telegram, stating that his wife had had a premature confinement and lay in a precarious state in Boston, whither her loving husband instantly repaired. The child (a beautiful girl) was sent to Mrs. Sedley in Montreal, and given out to nurse. She was eventually adopted by a childless dry goods merchant in this city who had her educated as his daughter, employing, by-the-by, *her own father* to give her lessons in music.

One would think that now Mrs. Hazelton had got over this great difficulty, and started in life as a respectable married lady, she would have eschewed her former errors and turned over a new leaf. Unfortunately for all parties, her husband was proud of her musical ability, and insisted that she should continue to take lessons from Grandison, for whom strange to say, he had conceived a great regard. The frequent meetings consequent upon this proved too much for both of the culprits, and in a short time they became as intimate as ever. Since Mary's marriage, Mr. Sedley had quite forgotten his former suspicions of Grandison, and he was cordially received into both houses, being, in fact, almost a member of the family.

Mr. Hazelton was a prominent member of the church and, being a capital speaker, had undertaken to give a lecture in the basement of that edifice addressed to young men; Mrs. Hazelton and some other ladies were to enliven the evening with music, accompanied on the piano by Mr.

Grandison. The lecture animadverted at some length concerning the temptations which beset young men, and warned them to avoid vice of all kinds, drinking, gambling, and the rest. Among other things he mentioned the social evil, and contrasted the happy home of the chaste man and his virtuous wife with that of the drunken, vicious libertine. The seducer was anathematized, and a graphic description given of the poor degraded women who had lost the one jewel in their crown. It is needless to say that both Mrs. Hazelton and her paramour felt exceedingly uncomfortable during this discourse; the former who was to have sung a brilliant aria at its close, grew deadly pale, and had to leave the room. The lecturer requested Mr. Grandison to substitute a piano solo, but strange to say, he was unable to perform anything without notes, so the announcement was made to the audience that, owing to the excessive heat (the temperature was about 70° Fahrenheit), Mrs. Hazelton, was unable to perform that evening, and begged to be excused. Grandison was to have gone home with the lecturer to supper, but he said he considered Mrs. Hazelton would be the better of a little quiet, and, stammering out some excuse, slunk away in the direction of his own home.

Mr. Hazelton found his wife reclining on a sofa in the drawing-room, and he at once exerted himself to alleviate her suffering, and gratify her every whim. He propped her up with pillows, and ordered the maid to prepare what-

ever delicacies the larder afforded, blaming himself as being the cause of all her sufferings. His solicitude in her behalf made her only the more miserable; she had never loved, and never could love, him, but his uniform kindness and attention had excited within her a feeling of gratitude which made her remorse all the more bitter as she thought how he had been duped by the woman who had sworn to love and honor him. The next day was one of those appointed for receiving her singing lessons, but she sent a messenger to Mr. Grandison, telling him not to call for a few days, as she was unequal to even that slight exertion. Mr. Hazelton called to see me in great alarm, informing me that his wife's first child was prematurely born, and that he dreaded a recurrence of that terrible calamity. I, of course, had my own ideas concerning what was the matter, but I promised to call and see her, and do what I could to alleviate her sufferings. I found her well enough physically, but in very low spirits and in tears. She told me what I have informed the reader, adding that she was at the moment *enceinte*, the father of this child being also Alfred Grandison. I was very much shocked at this disclosure, but contented myself with remonstrating with Mrs. Hazelton concerning the course she was pursuing, urging her to drop all connection with Grandison. This she promised to do, but I subsequently discovered that, far from keeping her promise, she had even gone so far as to plan an elopement with him to the United States.

About two years after Mrs. Hazelton's marriage, Grandison received the appointment of organist of —— Church, Chicago, and, together with his wife and family, left Montreal for the Western city, leaving Mr. Hazelton in undisturbed possession of his wife; the latter, instead of rejoicing at this providential release from temptation, fretted at the loss of her paramour, attributing, however, her fitful humor to her delicate condition.

Shortly after Grandison's departure for Chicago I was summoned to attend Mrs. Hazelton, who gave birth to a fine boy. Mr. Hazelton was in ecstasy at the thought of becoming a father; he gave a grand entertainment on the occasion of the child's christening, and when the guests all agreed that the child had "its father's nose" (which was doubtless the truth) the poor man's delight knew no bounds. Mrs. Hazelton gradually began to be more cheerful, and to try in some measure to make amends to her husband for the wrong which could never be repaired. When, however, he carried her baby up and down, or fondled it upon his knee, the bitter pangs of remorse gnawed at her heart, and made her captious and bad tempered. With all this there was no deep repentance, and when Grandison came to Montreal for his holidays, her husband was completely forgotten once more. Grandison was invited to stay at the Hazeltons' residence, an invitation which to do him justice he endeavored to decline, but Mr. Hazelton pressed him so strongly that he was afraid to awaken suspicion by refusing,

and so the wolf became ensconced snugly in the sheepfold, not only without difficulty, but on the pressing invitation of its occupants. Mrs. Hazelton during this visit urged Grandison so strongly that he promised to elope with her so soon as he could conveniently leave Chicago.

He had not been long back at his new residence when his wife died, and letters of condolence were sent to him from all quarters. His wife, who had never been received into society, was suddenly discovered to have been one of its brightest ornaments, and her loss was deeply felt and proportionately deplored. Mrs. Hazelton now thought her opportunity had come, and accordingly wrote to Grandison that she was ready to go to the end of the world with him. He, however, was not particularly anxious to go to such a remote locality; in fact he had made up his mind to remain in Chicago, and (now that his wife was no longer a burden upon him) to turn over a new leaf and become a respectable member of society. Whatever charms Mary Sedley may have had had long since disappeared, and Mr. Grandison's affection was not so deep-seated that he was prepared to tie himself to a comparatively plain old woman for whom he had long since lost every particle of respect. He accordingly took no notice of her letter, and received a second and a third couched in the strongest language of affection. But the more importunate she became, the more did Grandison lose his respect for her; he therefore took no notice of her letters, and determined to keep aloof from her in the future.

When Mrs. Hazelton began to realize that he had deserted her, she grew frantic indeed. She would not believe it; the letters had miscarried, or something else had interfered to prevent his writing. She resolved that, come what would, she would go to him, and, throwing herself at his feet, demand his protection. In the dead of the night she collected her most valuable clothing and jewellery, and, with a little money in her purse, stealthily left her husband's house, carrying her bundle in her hand. She wandered about the streets till daylight, and in the morning entered the Grand Trunk Depot in St. Bonaventure street, and procured a ticket for Chicago. Her husband at first thought she had merely gone to Bonsecours market to purchase provisions for the ensuing week, and that she would shortly return. Breakfast time came, however, and she did not return, and he began to get uneasy; enquiries were made of neighbors and friends at whose houses she might possibly have stayed, but no one had seen her, or knew anything of her whereabouts. The police were next communicated with, and a regular hue and cry was raised in the city concerning her mysterious disappearance. In the meantime the object of their search arrived in Chicago, and at once proceeded towards Grandison's residence. She had not gone far when he approached her with a fashionably dressed young lady on his arm. Mrs. Hazelton ran towards him with a cry of recognition, but, whatever he may have felt towards her before, the sight of her as she now appeared

drove every trace of affection from his heart, and he looked at her coldly, and without the faintest sign of recognition The effect of this treatment under the circumstances can well be imagined; the wretched woman fell fainting at his feet, raving wildly and uttering the most awful imprecations. By this time a crowd had collected, and the police, thinking she was some madwoman who had escaped, had her removed to an asylum, and placed under medical treatment.

During all this period Hazelton was like a man demented; he caused advertisements to be inserted in the principal papers, describing his wife, and offering a reward for her recovery. The canal locks were dragged from end to end, and every place likely to have been visited by her was thoroughly searched and examined. At the end of about a week Mr. Hazelton received the following telegram:—

Chicago, Oct. 14, 18—.

To S. Hazelton, Esq.,

Montreal.

Person answering description in advertisement in *Tribune* found here to-day, and placed under medical treatment. What shall we do?

J—— P——,

for Chief of Police.

Mr. Hazelton immediately telegraphed a reply, and, taking the next train, was soon able to identify his lost wife. The sight of him made the poor creature worse, and he was forbidden to call till she was in a less excitable con-

dition. In about a week, though still suffering, she was removed to Montreal, and placed under the care of Dr. X——, to whom I communicated what I knew concerning her antecedents. In a comparatively short time she grew much better, and was able to converse intelligently, the subject of her departure and her illness being carefully avoided. Her husband attributed her mental aberration to the old cause, although why she should have gone to Chicago, he never could exactly understand.

Many years have now passed since these occurrences, and all the parties to this narrative are still alive. Mrs. Hazelton has never recovered from the effects of the shock received in Chicago, and sits brooding mournfully and in secret over her past transgressions, while her husband with unceasing devotion heaps coals of fire on her head. Grandison has since moved to New York, where he married again, and became an altered man. I met him in Montreal a short time since, but he carefully avoided all mention of either Mr. or Mrs. Hazelton, and did not dare to call either on them or the Sedleys. Once or twice his name was mentioned at the house of the latter, but it seemed to awaken sad recollections in the breast of Mrs. Hazelton, and was consequently avoided by the family. The latter have lived so far in ignorance of these occurrences, and it is to be hoped they will never be undeceived.

CHAPTER V.

Among the Fenians.

WHILE still young, and unused to the many strange phases of life, I had an adventure which, at that period of my career, made a deep impression on my mind. A rough-looking man called on me, and requested my immediate attendance on a sick woman at Point St. Charles, at that time a remote suburb of Montreal. As I hesitated to go with him, having a strange dread of accompanying him to such a lonely place, he seemed to think I was afraid of not receiving my fee, and, pulling a long purse out of his pocket he took out a handful of gold pieces, one of which he tendered me in advance. This made me all the more reluctant to accompany him, as I feared he might be a robber or free-booter of some kind, but, quickly controlling my emotions, I set my reason to work, and argued that, whatever he might be, he could have no motive other than that assigned for taking me with him; that he could gain nothing by way-laying or even murdering me, and so I put on my outer garments and got into the carriage beside him. The night was wet and stormy, and, just as we started, forked lightning flashed across the heavens in all directions, causing the horse to dash madly along as if to overturn the

vehicle. This of course was a mere co-incidence, but, with all my firmness of will and sound logical reasons for not being afraid, I could not altogether control my emotions as we drove through the lowest and dirtiest parts of Griffintown, which had at that time the reputation of harboring all sorts of Fenians, thieves and marauders. We crossed the canal and got out into the country, the rain descending in torrents, while the thunder crashed louder than ever. I believe that, had I been able to get out, I would have even then retreated, but I had no alternative but to remain and make the most of my position. Beyond a few words at starting, my companion said little; indeed conversation was impossible, as we were jolted from side to side of the street, and the crashing of the thunder overhead would have drowned our most powerful efforts.

After about half an hour's ride, the carriage stopped at a lonely house some distance on the Lower Lachine road, and, alighting, we entered, when I was piloted into an upper chamber, where a woman lay on a couch in need of my attendance. I felt altogether re-assured now, and at once opened my satchel to make the necessary preparations for my stay; still the room had not the air of an ordinary bedroom, and the presence of three men, all as rough-looking as my guide, made me suspicious as to their calling, more particularly as there was not a woman to be seen save my patient.

As soon as I had divested myself of my wet garments

and hung them at the fire to dry, the men left the room, and I ordered the woman to undress and go to bed, which she did. I then tried to get some information from her as to who her husband was, and what was the occupation of the men I had seen, but she either was or pretended to be too sick to enter into conversation, and I was obliged to restrain my curiosity for the time at least. In about two hours the woman gave birth to a boy, and as soon as I could leave with safety, I donned my clothes and left for home, the man who had engaged me putting me into a cab with great politeness, and paying the driver, he ordered him to deposit me in safety at my residence.

The next morning I was surprised to read in the paper that a quantity of arms and ammunition had been sent here from the Fenian headquarters in New York, and that although it was known that they were secreted somewhere about Griffintown, the police had been altogether baffled in their search for them. A new light now dawned upon me, particularly as I recollected that the room in which my patient lay was filled with long, coffin-shaped boxes, the uses of which I had been unable to guess. I accordingly consulted with my husband as to what course I should pursue. Was I, having come by this information in my professional capacity, to shut my eyes to these doings, or, taking advantage of my position, to inform the police ? My husband argued in this way :—If these people had been guilty of a crime, which could not now be ameliorated or

averted,it would be straining a point for me to take advantage of what I had learnt by accident and to bring them to justice; but that as in this case a great national trouble *might be averted*, and many lives saved, by timely information, it was my duty to exert myself in the interests of the community by putting a check on their movements. With this end in view I communicated with Mr. P.——, then Chief of Police, and from my description he said he had no doubt but these were the very persons of whom they were in search, and that if I could only manage to frame an excuse for the introduction of a detective, he would make sure of their identity before making any arrests.

My second visit to the house was made in the morning. I found my patient very weak and feverish, and, although it was only what I had expected, I took advantage of the fact to express my fears that the case was one requiring the most skillful treatment, and that unless I were permitted to call in a medical man of eminence, I would not be responsible for the consequence. The woman's husband was very much averse to this; but, as I urged it strongly, and his wife (of whom he was apparently fond) seconded my request, he finally consented, and the same afternoon I called, accompanied by Detective F——, whom I introduced as my consulting physician. Whilst I mixed some simple remedies for my patient, the detective carefully examined the boxes, which he was unable to move, and which we were both convinced contained arms and ammunition for

the destruction of the peaceful inhabitants of Montreal. Mr. F.—— carefully noted the position of everything in and about the house, he also took a good look at the surroundings, and then we departed for the police station. The Chief was for making an immediate arrest of the whole party, but I dissuaded him, urging him, in the interests of humanity, to wait till the woman was out of danger; he then agreed to wait for a few days, keeping the house and its inmates under constant surveillance.

The woman got better day by day, and at the end of a week, the Chief, fearful lest something might occur to mar his plans, sent a detachment of armed policemen to arrest the Fenian emissaries and capture the stores. In some way or another the men got wind of the affair, and made their escape across the lines, leaving the poor woman and her helpless babe alone and unprotected. The police entered the house unopposed; they found there several dozen muskets and rifles, also about a hundred bayonets and five thousand rounds of ball cartridge. The woman refused to give the slightest information as to the names or identity of her companions; she said she knew nothing about the arms contained in the boxes, that the latter had been brought there by a strange man, and left in charge of her husband, and that she had never seen them opened. As the men were evidently by this time safe in Uncle Sam's dominions, the police contented themselves with securing the ammunition, leaving the woman to shift for

herself. As I did not like the idea of leaving her in the room alone and uncared for, I explained the matter to the neighbors, who good-naturedly undertook to look after her till she received money from her husband to pay her passage to New York. As, although I had no compunction in assisting to break up this den of ruffians, I pitied the poor woman, who was probably innocent of any crime, I handed her the gold piece which her husband had given me, and did not leave her till assured that the neighbors would look after her till her departure. In later years I have often passed the scene of these transactions, and a shudder passed through my frame as I remembered my experiences among the Fenians.

CHAPTER VI.

A Disciple of Satan.

About the year 1866 I was summoned to attend a lady in Berri street, the wife of an officer in the —th Rifles. Her husband, Captain O'Grady, had taken a furnished house for the winter, the quarters in the Quebec Barracks being unsuited for the accommodation of a lady of her station, and round the house on every hand evidences might be seen of both wealth, taste and refinement. Mrs. O'Grady was a beautiful woman of about twenty-two, and had only been married about a year; her husband, who was an Irishman, loved her passionately, and gave me particular charges concerning her, bidding me spare neither trouble nor expense to render her illness as little irksome as possible. After her baby (a fine boy) was born I attended her regularly every day, and, as she had travelled in her youth and lived for some time in Germany, she invited me to come and see her in the evenings whenever I was at leisure, so that we might converse in the beautiful language of Schiller and Goëthe, and chat about that beautiful far-off land. Captain O'Grady quite approved of this arrangement, and often used to join in the conversation; it was in

Germany he had met his wife, and he had a great fancy for the soft German language, although speaking it but imperfectly himself.

Shortly after the birth of his child, Captain O'Grady's regiment was ordered to Chambly, and he was obliged to separate from his wife for a time. He used to drive in occasionally to Montreal to visit her, but at this season of the year the roads were very bad, and, as the thermometer sometimes fell 20 or even 30 degrees below zero, the journey was usually attended with much discomfort and even some danger. On Christmas Day, Mrs. O'Grady wished her husband to remain at Chambly and dine at the mess, but he insisted on coming into Montreal and dining with his family. He accordingly set out about eleven o'clock in the morning, accompanied by a brother officer named Churchill, a lieutenant in the same regiment.

It was a bitterly cold day, and the snow, which had been falling heavily for some days, was blown in immense drifts across the roads, rendering them almost impassable. The groom, being accustomed to obey, brought the horses round with alacrity when ordered to do so, but he shook his head ominously as he handed the reins to Captain O'Grady, and jumped into the dickey.

Off they flew through the blinding snowdrifts, the fine horses going at a tremendous speed, and threatening to overthrow the sleigh every instant. The hot breath of the horses froze to the head-gear and harness, rendering it per-

fectly white, and the three men were obliged to pull their fur caps over their ears to avoid their being frozen. They had not proceeded far on their journey when the road, which in summer was clearly defined by fences on either side, diverged somewhat from the ordinary course, and was made, for convenience, through an adjoining farm, being marked with pine branches, stuck at intervals in the snow. As our party proceeded, even these slight indications were invisible, the drifts rising in some places to a height of twelve or fourteen feet. In one of the latter the sleigh stuck fast, and the occupants were obliged to get out, and wading up to their knees in snow to assist the horses to regain *terra firma*, or at least a more compact body of snow. Whilst engaged in this operation, Mr. Churchill noticed that the groom's nose was perfectly white, and on examination it was found to be frozen; they accordingly set to work to rub it with snow, and at Captain O'Grady's suggestion he held a large body of snow to it for the remainder of the journey, which had the effect of thawing it out.

In a short time they regained the high road, and went along at a tremendous pace for three or four miles, when they entered the village of Longueuil, which is situated on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, a little below Montreal. They found the river completely frozen over, the cold being intense, but the ice-bridge had only just been formed, and the surface was rough and uneven, causing the sleigh to

oscillate fearfully, threatening every moment to overturn. The storm had by this time increased to a perfect hurricane, and the drifting snow was driven with intense force into the faces of both men and horses, causing the latter to bound and gallop fearfully, to the extreme peril of those behind them. O'Grady, however, was a skillful driver, and kept the horses well in hand, calling to them from time to time in a reassuring manner; as for Churchill, he rather enjoyed the little spice of danger, and, as conversation was out of the question, he lit a cigar, and, drawing the buffalo-robes tightly round him, made himself as comfortable as possible. In a short time they arrived at their destination, and throwing the reins to the groom, O'Grady dashed up stairs and in an instant had his wife in his arms. She remonstrated with him about coming in on such a terrible day, but descended to the drawing-room, and, having welcome Mr. Churchill to her house, ordered the servant to set the table for dinner. Just then the groom entered the house to enquire when the carriage would be required in the evening, and the appearance of his nose set the whole party laughing heartily; his proboscis had assumed a deep red hue, and was swollen to an enormous size, giving him a most comical appearance. O'Grady ordered him to bring the carriage round at ten o'clock, and, dinner just then being announced, they prepared, in true English fashion, to celebrate the Nativity.

After dinner Mrs. O'Grady entertained the gentlemen with

music, and, having chatted on various topics very pleasantly they were aroused to the fact that the evening social intercourse must draw to an end by the clanging of the door-bell announcing the arrival of the groom from the neighboring livery-stable with the horses. Taking an affectionate leave of his wife, and promising to come into Montreal to dinner on the following Sunday, O'Grady mounted the box, followed by the light-hearted Churchill, and cracking his whip was soon speeding rapidly along into the howling storm. Churchill lit another cigar, and shut his eyes to avoid the blinding snowdrifts, while the driver was with difficulty enabled to see his way. Arrived at the suburb known as Hochelaga, O'Grady turned his horses' heads towards the river, and they dashed across the ice-bridge at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. On they went at a terrible pace, the sleigh bumping and jolting over the rough road, till bang they came upon a piece of ice, on to which the snow had drifted, and over went the sleigh, turning its occupants head first on the hard, icy road. Churchill was first on his feet, and, though bruised and bleeding, succeeded in arresting the horses, who, now thoroughly frightened, were about to run away; the groom also soon recovered himself and ran to the assistance of his master, but the latter was past all human aid, having fallen from the upper side of the sleigh head foremost on a piece of ice, and broken his neck. His companions were struck dumb with grief and astonishment; however, they could not

stand freezing in the middle of the river, so, righting the sleigh, they placed the dead man gently inside it, and drove slowly to Longueuil, where a friendly *habitant* placed the best room in his house at their disposal.

Mrs. O'Grady, as may well be supposed, was very much shocked at the news of her husband's death. The body was brought to her house in Montreal, and from thence to Mount Royal Cemetery, where it was interred, a company of rifles firing a volley over the grave. For a time the young widow was undecided whether to go back to her friends in England or to remain in Canada, but, being unwilling to become dependent on her relations, she accepted a situation as governess in a wealthy family residing in the west end of Montreal, placing her infant son under the charge of a nurse.

Mrs. Thomson, in whose service Mrs. O'Grady was employed, was the wife of a wealthy English gentleman who had invested largely in Canadian real estate and national enterprises. She had two daughters, aged 18 and 16, respectively (whom Mrs. O'Grady was expected to train and prepare for entrance into society), also a son about 22, who, although educated as a lawyer, pursued no avocation other than the collection of rents on his father's estate, and minor offices in connection with the investment of his money. Randolph Thomson, the young gentleman in question, suddenly became very attentive to his sisters. There was not a single concert or ball of importance to

which he did not take them, whereas before he could rarely be induced to accompany them anywhere. The girls never tried to account for this sudden change in their brother's behavior, being too much engrossed in the enjoyment of the entertainments aforesaid to trouble their heads about the matter; Mrs. Grundy, however, had an idea that the handsome widow who officiated as governess had something to do with the affair, and, a rumor of the kind reaching the ears of Mrs. Thomson, the unfortunate widow was eventually obliged to leave the house, much to the regret of the whole family, but especially that of Randolph, whose brotherly attentions suddenly became less marked, and in time ceased altogether.

Mrs. O'Grady, being once more thrown on her own resources, departed for Sherbrooke, one of the most thriving towns in the Eastern Townships, where she endeavored to make a respectable livelihood by teaching music. She chose Sherbrooke rather than Montreal, because in the latter place every lady who wished to earn her own living started out as a music teacher, and the teachers were rapidly threatening to outnumber the pupils, and to equal many of them as regards want of knowledge.

Close to Mrs. O'Grady's new residence, and removed a short distance from the town, there dwelt a wealthy old farmer named Clarkson. Mr. Clarkson was a bachelor about 65 years old, who, by steady attention to his farm and shrewd speculations, had amassed a considerable fortune,

being considered one of the " solid men " of Sherbrooke. Clarkson happening to meet Mrs. O'Grady at the house of one of the principal clergymen, became enamored of her at first sight, and at the first opportunity proposed for her hand. This she was at first loth to give, her heart at the time being elsewhere; but, as Clarkson offered to settle all his property on her and her children, and he himself, though neither young nor handsome, was very agreeable, and held a high position in the community, she finally consented, and was led a second time to the hymeneal altar.

Mr. Clarkson was very proud of his handsome wife, he ordered a handsome phaeton and pair of bay ponies from Montreal for her private use, and gave her an unlimited allowance of pin money, and she might be seen any afternoon, fashionably attired, driving from one shop to another, followed by the admiring eyes of the bank clerks and beaux, and the envious glances of the single young ladies of Sherbrooke.

After three or four months Mrs. Clarkson told her husband that she had been invited to go on a visit to Montreal, and urged him to allow her to accept it, particularly as her little boy was afflicted with sore eyes, and there was no oculist of ability in the town. Her husband readily consented, and, with the promise that she would return in a few weeks, Mrs. Clarkson came to Montreal, and calling at my house informed Madame Charbonneau (in my

absence) that she wished to remain there if possible, as she was about to be confined. When I got home she confessed to me that she had been on terms of intimacy with Randolph Thomson, and begged me not to inform her husband, as he was exceedingly jealous, and would kill her if he suspected the true state of affairs.

Promising to do the best I could under the circumstances I had rooms prepared for both her and her boy, and secured the best medical attendance for the latter, whose eyes were in a very bad state from long neglect. It was two weeks before Mrs. Clarkson's baby (a boy) was born, and very unpleasant rumors were circulated round the town, which, coming to the ears of the old gentleman caused him to write a very stiff letter, ordering his wife to return immediately. This, of course, she could not do, and as she was unable to frame an excuse for refusing to do so, she determined to take no notice of his letter, and, if brought to task concerning it, *to deny having received it*, the letter being unregistered. Fortunately for her, if not for himself, her boy's eyes continued to defy the skill of Dr. Fulford, the oculist to whose care she had committed him, and it was imperative that they should remain in Montreal a week or two longer. This fact was communicated to Mr. Clarkson, but his sister (who had continued to reside with him after his marriage) persuaded him to have nothing more to do with his wife, and retailed to him the rumors she had heard, allowing them (as may well be supposed) to lose nothing in the narration.

Mrs. Clarkson was naturally very much put out when she learnt how her sister-in-law had acted; but, being both a strong-minded and crafty woman, she determined to put a bold face on the matter, and if possible to pay off old scores with her sister-in-law. She accordingly placed her baby out to nurse, and, as soon as she felt strong enough, set out for Sherbrooke. She found her husband's house locked against her, but, nothing daunted, she went straight to the mayor's residence, and explained that, having gone to Montreal with her husband's permission, she had (as soon as *her boy* was sufficiently recovered) returned to her home, and found the door locked against her. The mayor (a particular friend of Clarkson's) told her to come with him and he would see her righted, but she refused, saying that she had already gone to her husband's house and been refused admission, and that she would not go again until he came to fetch her; she then departed and engaged rooms at the hotel.

The mayor, wishing to save his friend any public scandal, went to him, and remonstrated with him on his conduct, explaining that, as his wife had gone to Montreal with his permission, he was legally responsible for all her expenses, and that in refusing to admit her into his house he had rendered himself liable for an expensive lawsuit. On this poor Clarkson got so frightened that he ordered his team to be brought round, and, driving to the hotel, implored his wife to accompany him to his house,

begging her forgiveness for his conduct, and promising that he would do anything to make amends.

Mrs. Clarkson now felt that she had obtained a grand advantage, and, assuming an air of injured innocence, enquired who had set him against her. Poor Clarkson was reluctantly compelled to admit that his sister had had something to do with it, on which his wife refused to live under the same roof with such a vile slanderer (!), and insisted that, before she returned, the lady *who had taken away her character* should leave the house. In fact, she managed the affair so well, and exhibited such an amount of "cheek," that the poor man actually sent his sister away, and drove with a magnificent team of horses to bring home the woman whom he had refused to admit into his house.

For several months they lived happily together, Mrs. Clarkson *going on a visit to Montreal* whenever it suited her. In process of time she gave evidence of being *enceinte*, and old Clarkson's joy knew no bounds, as he evidently rejoiced at the prospect of having an heir. Had he known, however, that his wife, in visiting Montreal, was invariably met by Randolph Thomson, it is questionable whether his joy would not have been considerably moderated. Before the child was born the old man died, leaving all his property to his wife and his expected heir. His sister, who really was devoted to him, was left without a penny, and entirely dependent on the charity of Mrs. Clarkson. The widow, however, had not forgotten the part played by

Miss Clarkson during her brother's lifetime, and being now steeped in wickedness, her better nature was almost entirely lost. She turned the faithful sister from her door, and she, the false wife, was with her illegitimate child (born almost immediately after the old man's death) snugly installed in the home that in all equity and justice should have belonged to the woman she ejected.

"*Facilis decensus Averni.*"—It is wonderful how easy the descent really is, when once the first false step is taken. As the avalanche, which at first becomes slowly loosened from its lofty position, gradually descends with greater and greater rapidity till it is dashed into the abyss, so does the frail mortal, who at first shudders at the bare thought of an immoral act, rush headlong into sin till her desperate career is suddenly checked, often in a manner fearful to contemplate Mrs. Clarkson had now all that any woman could reasonably be expected to desire. She had triumphed over her sister-in-law and those of her husband's relatives who had circulated rumors detrimental to her character, and had become the possessor of a comfortable home, without the incubus of an impotent husband. But she was not content; Randolph Thomson, turning his back on her and his boy, had married a young lady of fortune; so vowing vengeance against men in general for their *falseness and inconstancy*, Mrs. Clarkson laid herself out to entrap and ensnare every man who came in her way, and in this manner to revenge herself (as she by some strange mental process led herself to imagine) on her false lover.

The deceased Mr. Clarkson had a brother named William, a bachelor, whose farm was adjacent to that now possessed by the widow. William was nearly twenty years younger than his brother, and was considered rather a good-looking man by his acquaintances. It is possible that, but for her *liaison* with Thomson, Mrs. Clarkson would, long ere this, have fascinated him with her beauty and blandishments; but, he had hitherto escaped unscathed, though openly admiring his brother's wife, and taking her part against the scandal-mongers when speculation was rife as to the cause which detained her in Montreal. In looking round for some one to entrap and ensnare, Mrs. Clarkson's eye naturally fell upon William, as the most eligible party in her immediate vicinity; and she was the more anxious to secure him, because, with a woman's far-seeing eye and long-reaching vengeance, she wished to circumvent her sister-in-law, who, being unmarried (and likely to remain so), had undertaken to keep house for her younger brother, and would, as matters at that moment stood, have likely outlived him and inherited his property. Opportunity was not long wanting for her to effect her object; William was the sole executor to his brother's estate, and, as business often brought them together at the late Mr. Clarkson's lawyer's office in Montreal, it was not strange that the widow should almost immediately have opened the campaign, which she did on the first occasion of their meeting in the city, beginning, as most great generals do.

with a little skirmishing, in order to draw out her opponent. It was a beautiful spring morning, and, as they had appointed to meet in Montreal at eleven o'clock, Mr. Clarkson called to drive his sister-in-law to the depot to meet the train. To his surprise, that lady declined to accompany him, reminding him that she was now alone in the world, and that if during her husband's life-time the tongue of scandal was directed against her reputation, how much the more would it be so now that her natural protector was no more. William, being little of a gossip himself, urged her to be above such petty pandering to public opinion, and to follow her inclinations, but she replied naively:—"A woman has nothing to depend on but her reputation, and she cannot be too careful, you know." "Perhaps you are right," William replied, laughing, and so he permitted the widow to order her own buggy round, and follow him a few minutes later to the depot. But even this precaution did not satisfy the wily Mrs. Clarkson. She knew that many Sherbrooke people would be on the trains both going and coming, and that inquisitive eyes would watch, and gossiping tongues would relate all that passed during the journey, so she induced Miss Cuthbert, a neighbor of hers, to accompany her, promising her a pleasant day in Montreal.

The train had not arrived when the ladies alighted at the depot, but the ever-acute widow instructed her servant man not to drive away, but to wait and see if any parcels

had been sent from Portland. She did not expect any parcels from Portland, but she wished all the neighbors who might be going on the train to see her man with the buggy, in case they might imagine she had come in the carriage with William. When they got on board the train, of course, her brother-in-law took a seat with her and Miss Cuthbert, but the widow pretended to be engrossed in a novel, leaving the younger lady to carry on the conversation. A boy approached with "prize packages" of candies, and William, buying two, handed them to the ladies, requesting them to see what fortune had in store for them. Miss Cuthbert opened hers eagerly, and, amidst the almonds and lozenges, discovered a gilt brooch, which she laughingly fastened on her breast. William offered to open the widow's for her, but she interrupted him, saying:

"My fortune has been told already, give it to Miss Cuthbert."

"Oh, yes! give it to me," said the sprightly girl, and hastily opening it, she poked amongst the candies and pulled out a small article rolled in tissue paper; unrolling the paper eagerly she disclosed *a plain gilt ring.*

"Put that on, also," said Mrs. Clarkson.

"Oh, no!" answered Miss Cuthbert, "I will try to get some one to put it on for me."

With this careless banter the time passed away till they reached Montreal, Mrs. Clarkson playing the shy widow

to perfection, and, as may naturally be supposed, not only raising herself in the estimation of her brother-in-law, but drawing him in a strange manner within the radius of her fascinating influences.

On arriving in the city they entered a carriage, and were driven to St. James street, where Mr. St. Jerome, the lawyer, had his office. In about an hour their business was transacted, and William invited the ladies to Alexander's to partake of luncheon, but this the widow discreetly declined, being aware that the pastry-cook's in question was a celebrated rendezvous for all country-folk. Pleading as an excuse that she wanted to do some shopping, she advised William not to trouble about them, as they would prefer shopping alone, and that, if fatigued, they could easily drop in for an ice at some respectable confectioner's. "Besides," added Mrs. Clarkson, "I have promised to take Miss Cuthbert up the mountain this afternoon, as she has never been to the summit of Mount Royal, though living so near the city bearing its name."

"If you are going up the mountain, I pray you will allow me to accompany you. I never visit Montreal without ascending it at least once," said Mr. Clarkson. "If you do not wish me to go shopping, I will not intrude, but I will feel myself slighted if you compel me to ascend the mountain alone."

The widow feigned to give a reluctant consent, and accordingly they arranged to meet on Place d'Armes at two

o'clock, and to drive to the base of the mountain together. At that time the beautiful mountain from which Montreal derives its name, and most of its beauty, had not been acquired by the city. It was private property, and there were no elegant roads by which to drive to its summit; indeed, it was only by the courtesy of the proprietors that persons were allowed to ascend the famous hill, and enjoy the beautiful scenery and bracing air: even then the task of ascending was no easy one, and ladies were generally glad of the company of one or more of the hardier sex, if only to assist them in clambering up the steep ascent.

Mr. Clarkson went to lunch, and then to the Corn Exchange to transact some business, arriving in Place d'Armes precisely at two o'clock. Shortly afterward she saw the ladies emerge from the French Church of Notre Dame, and cross the square to meet him. Miss Cuthbert was delighted with the church. Although a Protestant, she admired it as an architectural art-work; the elaborate adornment, too, of the interior pleased her, and accorded with her womanly tastes. Mrs. Clarkson had seen both inside and outside so often that neither had now any more effect on her; indeed, not only was her heart steeled to the refining influences of the building, but also to the doctrines inculcated within it; she had started on the downward path, and never once dared to look up again, even for a moment.

"Well, you are sharp on time," said Miss Cuthbert, addressing Mr. Clarkson.

" Yes, indeed, I have been walking the streets for nearly an hour, wondering if the hands on the Seminary clock would ever indicate the hour of two. I had almost persuaded myself that the public clocks had all stopped, but my watch, which was ticking, told me that they were going on with methodical regularity." He addressed himself to Miss Cuthbert, but his eyes were turned slightly towards Mrs. Clarkson, who, blushing slightly (she could blush at pleasure), turned away her head, and appeared to be quite confused.

William hailed a cab, and they drove up University street, as far as the carriage road permitted them. Dismissing the " carter," they entered the adjacent field, and ascended by a winding path which at that time ran through the property of Mr. (now Sir Hugh) Allan. Miss Cuthbert, although she lived far away from all mountains or hills of any kind, was remarkably active, and bounded up the steep ascent like a deer. Mrs. Clarkson was a *dear* of another kind, and she was obliged to cling to her brother-in-law for support, which latter he was by no means averse to giving. After about twenty minutes, climbing they arrived at the " view point " immediately over Sir Hugh Allan's residence, when everything was immediately forgotten in the unspeakable emotion excited by the magnificent panorama before them. At their feet lay the beautiful city, the rows of shade trees, clothed with verdure, lending a gorgeous setting to the elegant limestone buildings. In front rolled the

mighty St. Lawrence, nearly two miles wide, the vast expanse being relieved by St. Helen's Island, with its luxuriant foliage. On the right the Victoria Bridge, that monument of engineering skill, stretched across the mighty river towards the picturesque village of St. Lambert; while further to the westward might be seen Nun's Island with its shady groves, at the head of which rushed the boiling waters of the famous rapids of Lachine. I have in my youth travelled through both Germany and Switzerland and, later, through the beautiful scenery of New Hampshire and Vermont, but nowhere do I remember having seen a view so grand, or a panorama so picturesque, as that to be seen from the brow of Mount Royal.

For a while the entire party gazed in speechless admiration at the scene before them, when Miss Cuthbert exclaimed:

"I can say, with the apostle of old, 'It is good for us to be here.'"

"And build *three tabernacles?* queried Mrs. Clarkson.

"Oh, no, two would do. One for me, and another for you and Mr. Clarkson."

At this rejoinder Mrs. Clarkson bit her lips, and changed the conversation immediately.

When they had surveyed the city, the river, and the country on the opposite shore, they prepared to ascend to the highest part of the mountain, where the observatory stands, imbedded in trees. Here they sat down for a time

to rest, and partake of some light refreshment which they had brought with them; they then proceeded to descend on the other side, passing through the Protestant and Catholic cemeteries, both elaborately laid out, and looking like beautiful flower gardens, rather than burial grounds. As they neared Côte des Neiges Miss Cuthbert commenced to scamper along like a child, and at one short declivity, she started off at a run, calling on the others to follow. Clarkson took his companion's hand and invited her to descend in like manner, but, almost at the first step, his sister-in-law uttered a sharp scream and fell forward on the grass, informing them that her foot had turned under her, and that she had sprained her ankle.

William was almost beside himself. He felt that he had foolishly induced her to forget herself so far as to indulge in a wild romp and thus injure her ankle. He wished Miss Cuthbert at the bottom of the sea, and wondered how they were to get the beautiful cripple home, as they were removed from residences or conveyances of any kind, and Mrs. Clarkson was no small weight. There being nothing else for it, however, the sturdy farmer lifted her in his arms and carried her to the house of the caretaker of the cemetery; then, leaving her gently on a sofa, he started for the inn at Côte des Neiges, thinking he might obtain the means of conveyance to Montreal.

On his arrival at the inn he was informed that there was no livery stable of any kind for miles around, and that the

private buggy of the proprietor was at that moment in Montreal, whither the landlady had driven for provisions. Just then a team was driven at a rapid speed from the direction of St. Laurent; it contained two young gentlemen from Montreal, who had driven round the mountain attended by a groom. On hearing the particulars of the accident they at once, with great gallantry, gave up their vehicle, a mail phaeton, for the use of the disabled lady, cheerfully undertaking to walk the remainder of the way (about four miles), and enjoining Mr. Clarkson to bring the carriage to their stable so soon as he had deposited his fair companions in a place of safety.

On reaching the cemetery, William found the widow looking wretched, indeed, and apparently suffering great pain. Her face brightened, however, as she saw the carriage, and was convinced that they would be able to get to Montreal in time for the night train for Sherbrooke. William assisted Miss Cuthbert into the trap, and placed Mrs. Clarkson carefully beside her; then, mounting the box, he thanked the caretaker for his kind offices and drove, via Côte des Neiges hill, to Montreal. He suggested to Mrs. Clarkson that it would be better for her to take a room at the St. Lawrence Hall for a few days, and enjoy perfect rest till her ankle got better, but she, remembering her past experiences, preferred to travel at once to her home, and so avoid all scandal.

William drove straight to the Grand Trunk terminus

in St Bonaventure street; and, placing the ladies in a Pullman car, drove up to Sherbrooke street with the team, which he left, as directed, at the young gentleman's residence. He proceeded along to St Lawrence Main street, where he hailed a cab, and drove back to the terminus. Shortly after his return to the depot the train started, and in a few hours they reached Sherbrooke.

It was considerably past midnight when they got to Mrs. Clarkson's residence, so Miss Cuthbert remained with her till morning, doing all she could to alleviate her pain. Shortly after breakfast William called; and as his sister-in-law was confined to her room, he considerately kept her company till Miss Cuthbert had gone home and obtained permission to remain a while longer with the disabled lady.

There is nothing that tries a man's heart so much as to see a woman (particularly a beautiful woman) in pain. The widow was aware of this, and so, although the sprain was purely accidental, and was not included in her programme, she turned it to such good account that the poor bachelor was fairly hooked, and began to think seriously that he had got into an awkward fix.

Marriage with a deceased brother's wife was illegal, and no clergyman could perform the marriage ceremony without violating the laws of both Church and State; even if one could be prevailed on to follow the dictates of his conscience, and to stretch a point in their favor (as was sometimes done) society would not recognize their union, and

would shun them as open adulterers. In vain did his sister-in-law urge on him that the law was absurd, and that, as there was no blood-relationship between them, there could be nothing criminal in their living together; he had not the moral courage to face the cold criticism of a narrow-minded and bigoted community, and, though mad with passionate love, he hesitated to take the fatal plunge.

Mrs. Clarkson, however, having carried the outposts and principal barriers successfully, was not to be thwarted by a mere matter of sentiment. She expressed her intention of departing forthwith for Detroit, assuring him that she would no longer remain in a country where such intolerant bigotry existed, and instructed him, if he loved her as he pretended, to sell his property in Canada and follow her thither.

Clarkson was loth to leave his relations and the home of his childhood, but the temptress lured him gradually on, refusing at times even to see a man who valued his narrow-minded friends' opinion rather than her love, and at length he consented to sell his farm for whatever it would bring, and to rejoin her in Detroit. This was another piece of generalship on the part of the widow, as, did they remain in Canada, she could not, in the event of her husband's death, hold the property which would revert to her hated sister-in-law; but that being now converted into cash she was at liberty to squander it during her husband's life-time, retaining the fortune left by her first husband for the future use of herself and children.

For a time Mr. Clarkson lived with his sister-in-law in a princely style in Detroit. They entertained largely and handsomely, and most of their guests neither cared nor enquired who they were, or whence they came. They had not been there more than six weeks when Mrs. Clarkson made the acquaintance of Count Von Alba, who for some time had been the lion of fashionable circles in Detroit. Von Alba was a Russian, who (for political reasons said his friends, for criminal reasons said his enemies) had emigrated to America and lived on his fortune (his friends insisted)—his wits, said his enemies again.

Whichever surmise was correct, Von Alba was undoubtedly good-looking. He stood five feet eleven inches in his stockings, and was powerfully built; his complexion, like most Russians, was dark, and his lofty forehead was surmounted with curls of the darkest brown. At the time of the Clarksons residence, the Count was about five-and-thirty years old ; he had naturally a genial manner and a good-humored expression of countenance, and a scar on his forehead (obtained, he said, when a lad, at Inkerman) made him an object of feminine admiration, while he was at the same time greatly envied by the opposite sex.

Von Alba was a sort of Admirable Crichten. He rode like Nimrod, danced like Terpsichore, drove like Jehu, shot like William Tell, and sang like Sims Reeves. It was in the latter accomplishment, however, that he chiefly excelled, ; he would stand up at the end of a crowded

drawing-room, and, playing a delicate accompaniment on his guitar, would vocalize one of the passionate love-songs of his native land. Sometimes he sang in English, then his defective pronunciation lent a strange charm to his singing, which, although it could scarcely be accounted for, made itself felt even in the bosoms of the dilettanti.

Strange to say, although courted and run after by nearly all the eligible young ladies, the Count became so fond of Mrs. Clarkson's society that scarcely a day passed but he was found at her house. At the fair lady's "Thursday Evenings," of course, he was one of the principal attractions, added to which he dined and lunched frequently at her house, and escorted her to balls and parties; her husband not caring for the everlasting round of excitement, and, far from feeling jealous of the Count, he was proud to think that his choice of a companion should be endorsed by one who presumably was a competent judge.

It was not long till the lady was at her old tricks again, and what Randolph Thompson had been to her before, Von Alba soon became, the simple husband encouraging these visits, and allowing his wife to squander his money lavishly on her paramour. Mrs. Grundy in the meanwhile began to be suspicious, and rumors, at first vague and indefinite, became almost pointed accusations against Mrs. Clarkson. The poor husband, although not altogether crediting the fact that there was a foundation for these reports, saw the necessity, in the equivocal position in which both

he and his wife stood, of putting a stop to all suspicious intercourse with the Count; and, being resolute enough when so disposed, he forbade his wife to meet Von Alba any more in private, or to invite him to her house.

This, as may be supposed, brought matters to a crisis, and brought on a terrible quarrel between the abandoned woman and her husband. She saw that the game was up as far as Detroit was concerned, and so, managing to forge her husband's name to a cheque for several thousand dollars, she went the next day with great boldness to the bank where he kept his money and presented it; it was cashed by the clerk without hesitation, and that evening, abandoning both Clarkson and her children, she went, accompanied by her paramour, to the depot and took the train for Montreal, where they went to an hotel, registering their names as Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, of New York. Notwithstanding their false names and altered attire they were traced to the St. Lawrence Hall, Mrs. Clarkson being surprised, on coming from breakfast one morning, to observe her husband busily scanning the register at the office counter. The Count had not seen him, but Mrs. Clarkson hurried him upstairs and told him that their whereabouts was discovered, and that they must take refuge in flight before Clarkson had time to take steps for their apprehension.

Ringing the bell, Von Alba bade the boy to have their bill made out and receipted, and to have their luggage sent to the station in time for the next train for New York.

"There is no New York train till 3.15," said the boy.

"When is there one for Toronto?" asked the Count.

"Not till eight this evening, but the Lachine train, which meets the mail boat, leaves at 11.30."

"That is what I mean," said Von Alba; "we will go by that;" then, packing hastily, the two culprits descended by the ladies staircase, and, entering a carriage, drove off to procure tickets for Toronto.

All this time Mr. Clarkson was quietly seated in the breakfast-room, taking a light repast after his long journey. That the persons he sought were in the hotel he felt confident; but there were so many gentlemen with their wives, real or pretended, from all parts, that he was puzzled to conjecture which of the names in the register was that assumed by the Count. At length he resolved to take the boy into his confidence; and, handing him a gold piece, he began to question him concerning the guests now quartered in the hotel. When he had described the pair he wanted, the boy said: "W'y these ere must be the pair wat's just gone to the Toronto boat!" Clarkson said not a word; but, handing a card to the cashier, rushed out of the hotel, and, jumping into a cab, bade the driver to go with all speed to the Upper Canada boat. Had he thought for a moment he would have recollected that the boat leaves the wharf early in the morning, and proceeding slowly through the canal, stops to take on passengers at the head of the Lachine Rapids. In his blind haste, however, he had forgotten this; and lost so

much time in going to the wharf that, when he eventually learnt the truth and got to the depot, the train was just leaving the platform.

There was nothing for it now but to wait for the train for the west, and to get on board the steamer at Kingston. He had at least the satisfaction of knowing that they were on the boat like rats in a trap, and that, except the delay in confronting the villain Von Alba and his wretched companion, he was as successful as possible in his pursuit of the fugitives. Returning to the city, he procured the assistance of a detective, who undertook to accompany him to Kingston, and assist him in apprehending and arresting the fugitives.

By this time the steamship "Hungarian," on which the wretched pair had embarked, was ploughing the waters of Lake St. Louis. After a time they passed through the Beauharnois and Cornwall canals, and entered the labyrinth of beautiful patches known as the "Thousands Islands." As they emerged from this lovely spot the saloon became suddenly filled with smoke, and in a few minutes cries of "Fire! Fire!" were heard on every hand. A rush was made for life preservers, while the crew of five or six men vainly endevoured to extinguish the flames. The captain ordered boats to be lowered, but, the men being excited, and badly drilled at best, the boats were successively swamped, leaving the poor terrified creatures only a choice of two fearful deaths.

One of the sailors handed Mrs. Clarkson a life preserver, which she requested Von Alba to fasten round her waist, but the cowardly fellow *snatched it from her*, and, hastily securing it round his own waist, swung himself overboard, leaving her to perish in the flames! He was not to escape so easily, however; with a bitter yell of mingled rage and despair the wretched woman mounted the taffrail, and plunging straight for the spot where he rose to the surface dragged him under again and again with fearful maledictions. The passengers who still remained on deck could do nothing to separate them, and although the life preserver would have sustained both of them easily in the water, so great was the woman's hate on the discovery of Von Alba's cowardly treachery, that she did not even give a thought to her own escape, so intent was she on dragging him to the bottom. The expression of her face, lit up as it was by the blaze of the burning steamer, was terrible to behold: the veins in her head and neck were swollen almost to bursting, and she died cursing with bitter malediction the man for whom she had sacrificed not only herself, but her husband and her children.

The steamer burned to the water's edge, only a few of those who had jumped overboard escaping. The bodies of the guilty pair were discovered at some distance from the wreck, Mrs. Clarkson's hand being tightly clutched round her companion's throat, while histongue and eyes protruded fearfully.

With sad and heavy heart Clarkson returned to Detroit, and, having gathered together what remained of his former property, prepared to return to Canada. He took with him the children of his late wife, placing them both as boarders at the College at Lennoxville till they were old enough to be apprenticed to some trade or profession. He never quite recovered from the shock received on hearing of the manner of Mrs. Clarkson's death and that of her paramour, but became prematurely aged when he realized that, instead of the sweet angelic creature whom he thought he had married, he found that he had wedded a regular disciple of Satan.

CHAPTER VII.

The Frail Shop Girl.

THE many fine ladies who patronize the fashionable emporiums of Montreal little think (as they sit comfortably at the counter, leisurely examining dozens of articles they never intend to purchase) of the sufferings undergone by those who minister to their wants, and, it may be, their caprices. Dozens of these poor creatures stand day after day, from morn till night, without a moment's rest except at meal-times; even then the short period allowed them barely suffices to permit of a hasty meal, when they have to hurry back again to undergo another term of misery.

It is strange that we should be so careful of brute beasts that we form ourselves into societies for their protection, prosecuting rigorously any one who shall have the temerity to ill-treat or abuse them, and yet allow our fellow-creatures (and those, too, of the weaker sex) to be treated with the most barbarous cruelty. A bruise or a blow may be brutal and severe, yet neither is so hurtful, so systematically cruel, as the forcing young girls to stand erect for lengthened periods, without change of posture. I am sure if the members of the House of Commons were deprived of their

seats even for one session, we would, without further ado, have a Bill enacted making it criminal for shopkeepers to make slaves of their employees, or individuals to patronize such establishments.

Were shop-girls provided with even the commonest of seats, untold numbers of crimes and diseases would be heard of no more. I am confident that but for this most refined cruelty the circumstances which gave rise to this story would never have occurred, and that I would have been spared the narration of a history which, though painfully true, is none the less shocking.

M——'s dry goods store has long been known in Montreal as a well-started and well-appointed establishment. Carriages daily blocked the thoroughfare while waiting for their fashionable owners outside its door; and inside busy walkers and clerks could be seen running hither and thither, serving customers. Young women, also, some of them still bright and cheerful, many, alas, pale and heavy with sadness, might be seen grouped behind the counter, engaged in handing goods down from the shelves, and displaying them to the fashionable loungers behind the counter.

One of these girls, by name Esther Ryland, was noticed by many who frequented M——'s store on account of her unusually attractive person and elegance of manners; she was a little above the average height, yet graceful and well-formed, with remarkably handsome features, and eyes

that sparkled like a pair of diamonds. Esther had not been long in Messrs. M——'s service, yet she had become so popular as a saleswoman that crowds frequented the particular counter at which she assisted, and she was known to many who were unacquainted with her name as the Pretty Shop-girl at M——'s.

Esther was very proud of her attractions, both professionally and otherwise; she did not calculate, however, that the more popular she became the more work she would have to do, and that she would, in time, pay for her popularity with her health, if not her life. She had, in and out of the store, a great many admirers amongst those of the opposite sex, but there was one she prized above all others, a certain Mr. Quintin, a merchant tailor, who had just started business for himself, and had persuaded Esther to promise that, after another year's service, she would give up business and become his wife.

It had been their custom to go for a stroll together on the long summer evenings, and together they might have been seen, fondly looking into each other's faces, as, arm-in-arm, they perambulated the more remote portions of Sherbrooke and St. Denis streets, which at that time were scarcely built upon.

One evening when Quintin called, as usual, to take his enamorata for a walk, she said she would prefer to stay at home, as she was quite fatigued with the day's work. Nothing disconcerted, her lover remained with her in the

house, and they amused themselves with a pack of cards and a chessboard. The following evening, however, Miss Ryland was again indisposed, and, on questioning her closely, Quintin drew forth the avowal that she *had not sat down for a quarter of an hour* during the whole day ! It seems it was the busy season at M——'s, and, besides being engaged incessantly in serving customers, Miss Ryland was obliged to shorten her dinner hour, and to hurry back to meet the increased demand.

Quintin was quite shocked at this discovery. Although well aware of the brutal treatment of shopkeepers' assistants, he had never been an interested party, and so had the matter placed before him *in all its horrors* for the first time. He resolved that, come what might, he would emancipate his intended wife from a life of such slavery, and so, having carefully arranged his business and purchased a neat little cottage in Cadieux street, he urged Miss Ryland to consent to marry him without delay, and so avoid her life of thraldom. She agreed to marry him during the ensuing month, pleading with feminine weakness that it would take at least that time to get her trousseau ready, and the day was finally arranged to their mutual satisfaction.

The excitement of preparation before marriage, and the change of scene during her wedding-tour, wrought such an effect on the woman that Mr. Quintin became convinced that his wife's health was thoroughly restored, and he

labored assiduously at his business, looking forward cheerfully to the time when she should become a mother, and the merry laughter of his children should, in his hours of rest from worldly cares, gladden and enliven their home.

A year rolled by, and both Mr. and Mrs. Quintin looked hopefully towards the future; two years passed and still they were childless. Mrs. Quintin would have given all the world, had she possessed it, for one of God's blessings; she loved children, even those of other children, and *one of her own* would have been a priceless treasure. But she lamented more on her husband's account. She knew that he doated on children; and when she saw him take the neighbours' children on his knee, and, after looking wistfully in their faces, rise and dash his hand across his eyes, she knew what it meant. "Oh," she would cry, "if only these abandoned wretches who desert their offspring could realize what it is to desire them and yet live unblest! If they but knew the priceless treasures they were casting from them, they would turn and repent in sackcloth and ashes."

Mr. and Mrs. Quintin had been married about three years when one day the former called on me, his face beaming with joy, and informed me that his fondest hopes were about to be realized, and that he would like me to call and consult with his wife. I was a little surprised at this intimation, as, from what I knew of Mrs. Quintin, I had fully made up my mind that she would never become

a patient of nine ; however, I was glad to hear that I had been mistaken, and so, when next in the neighborhood I waited on that lady and congratulated her on her improved prospects. To my great surprise she burst into tears, and confessed that she was not *enceinte*, or likely ever to become so ; that her career in M——'s store, and continued standing for hours together, had rendered her physically unable ever to become a mother. She added that her husband had so set his heart upon the one object (viz., the desire to have children), and had spent so much money for medicine and medical advice with a view to that end, that she could not bear him to think that all his efforts were unavailing, and her complaint having assumed a form to all outward appearances similar to pregnancy, she had permitted him to delude himself with the belief that the latter was the cause of her altered appearance, and that scientific skill had counteracted the effects of years of abuse.

I was greatly taken aback at this disclosure, but my surprise was as nothing compared to that in hearing the plot which the woman's now diseased mind had concocted. She said she was going to bear reproach no longer (for, though her husband never murmured, at least in words, his friends and her neighbors were ever ready to deepen her sorrow and humiliation by taunting her with her impotency), and her eyes rolled in frenzy as she almost shouted : I MUST AND SHALL HAVE A CHILD !! Why am I prohibited from having what many do not know how to

value? Many of them cast their treasures from them; shall I, frantic with despair, *refuse to pick one up!*

As she walked up and down the room in her fury, she looked like one demented. Her hands were clenched till the nails entered her flesh, her eyes rolled wildly, and, were I more easily frightened, I would have felt impelled to call for help. Gradually becoming cooler, Mrs. Quintin unfolded to me her plan for deceiving her husband, and, with a coolness that I would not have pardoned but for her evidently unhinged condition, actually *requested me to assist her?* She said she had been offered a child for adoption by a lady who was more guilty and unfeeling than herself, and that the person in question had promised to send her word when she was taken ill, so that she might send for me, and make her arrangements for the reception of the child, which was to be transported secretly into her bedroom.

I was so astonished that I was for a time unable to speak. The deep plot itself, the proposition made to me to assist her, and the cool manner of the lady herself, fairly staggered me. At length, speaking as calmly as I could, I tried to convince Mrs. Quintin of the enormity of the crime she intended to commit, telling her that, if she wished to adopt a child, she would find it quite an easy matter to do so without taking any such course as she evidently intended; and, after arguing for some time, she seemed to yield a little to reason, and promised to do nothing rashly. She had already, however, committed herself to the first

part of her programme, and told her husband a falsehood; how was she to undeceive him? I suggested that she should tell him on his return that she had been mistaken, and that on examination I had found nothing unusual the matter with her. This she positively refused to do, saying that her husband had so set his heart on this one object that, were his hopes suddenly dashed to the ground, he might do something desperate. She said she would break it to him gently, and, imploring me to say nothing to him of what had passed, she escorted me to the door, and, with tearful eyes, bade me farewell.

Several months elapsed, and I had, for the time, thought little of either Mr. and Mrs. Quintin, when one evening in glancing over the papers, my eye fell on the following announcement: "On the —th inst., at—— Cadieux street the wife of R. Quintin of a daughter." I let the paper drop as I gazed vacantly at the ceiling and tried to realize the whole affair. Undecided how to act, I mechanically put on my bonnet and cloak, and walked up Cadieux street, when, coming out of the house, I spied my old friend, Dr. P——.

"Good evening, Doctor," said I.

"Oh, good evening, Mrs. Schroeder. I have just been attending a patient of yours; it seems they were not at all prepared, and had not time to notify you. Indeed, I was late myself, as I did not arrive till some minutes after the child was born."

Without saying a word I beckoned the Doctor aside, and made a sign that I wished to speak with him privately. He invited me to step into his carriage, and we drove in perfect silence to his residence in Beaver Hall Terrace. Alighting, he preceded me to his surgery, and closed the door; then, with a look full of meaning, he said:

"Well, what is there wrong here?"

"I said: Before I reply, will you permit me to ask you one or two questions."

"Who called you to attend Mrs. Quintin?"

"A carter came and requested me to come with all speed to attend a lady in Cadieux street. I went as quickly as possible, but the child was born before my arrival."

"Who, then, attended the lady?"

"The nurse did, and apparently very satisfactorily indeed, I found the bandages so well arranged, and the patient's pulse so strong and regular, that I left, perfectly satisfied that all was properly attended to till your arrival. They explained to me that the lady was your patient, but that being unexpectedly taken ill, she had ordered the carter to bring the first doctor he found at home."

"Was Mr. Quintin at home?"

"No; he is gone to England to purchase some goods."

"Ah! That accounts for it then."

"Accounts for what? Really you must not catechize me any further. What is there underneath all these questions?"

I drew my chair closer to him, as I said tragically:

"Mrs. Quintin *never had a child.*"

"This rather staggered the good old doctor, who had just come from the house, where he had examined and weighed the infant. He started up from his chair, and, drawing back, exclaimed

"What do you mean? Explain yourself."

I then at length narrated all I knew concerning the Quintin family, and, as I proceeded with my story, the old man's eyes opened wider and wider as he exclaimed:

"My God what a diabolical plot"!

"Yes, indeed, and I was invited to join in it."

"Well, well. *I* certainly would never have suspected anything of the kind."

"Nor would anyone. The thing was well arranged, and artfully carried out."

"I suppose they will send for *you* now"

"Not at all. That is only a sham to get rid of *your* attendance. The husband will be given to undertand that you were hurriedly called in, and that, my assistance being unneeded, they did not think it worth while troubling me."

After consulting with Dr. P. for a considerable time and putting the case in different lights, we came to the conclusion that it would be as well now to let matters take their course. Any interference on our part would only have raised a great public scandal, and rendered both Mr. and Mrs. Quintin miserable, without benefiting anyone, so we

allowed the poor man to believe that his prayers were answered, and that the beautiful girl he fondled was really his own.

Time rolled on, the baby being baptized in due course and known by the name of Edith Quintin. As she grew older, both Mr. and Mrs. Quintin became passionately fond of her, the latter being as much attached to the little girl as if she were her own daughter. When the child was about twelve years old, Mrs. Quintin, who had gradually grown more and more delicate, began to feel that she must, ere many months had passed, finally succumb to the disease which was gradually gnawing at her vitals, and the deception she had practised on her husband was a source of great discomfort and annoyance to her. She called on me in great grief, and, having informed me concerning that of which (as the reader knows) I was well aware, implored me to give her counsel and advice. She was surprised to hear that I had already learnt all from Dr. P—— ; for, although she, of course, knew that *I* was not blinded by her subterfuge, she was not aware that I knew all concerning the method adopted by her, and when she learned that both the doctor and myself had forborne to inform on her, she was visibly affected, and thanked me on her knees.

I advised her to break the matter to her husband, and no to die with such a load on her conscience, but she avowed that she had neither the strength nor the courage to do so, and importunately besought me to undertake the painful task.

When Mr. Quintin learnt the truth he was of course greatly shocked, and at first was bitter in his denunciations of his deceitful wife. His better judgment, however, was soon brought to bear in the matter, and he was moved rather to pity her misfortune than to punish her for her fault. He knew that her judgment erred solely in order to retain his affection, and when he looked at her pale face and emaciated form, and thought of the agony and suffering, both mental and bodily, which the poor creature had endured, he willingly forgave her, and, though sadly disappointed and sorely smitten, did what he could to reassure her.

Edith meanwhile had developed into a beautiful girl, and had she really been, as she believed herself, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Quintin, she could not have been more beloved by them. The former enjoined me never to reveal the secret of her birth to his daughter as he called her, and so her life, at least, was not darkened in the least by the knowledge of the truth.

When Edith was about seventeen years old Mrs. Quintin finally yielded to the ravages of that dread destroyer, consumption. The poor girl wept sadly and bitterly at the loss of her mother, the only one indeed the poor child had ever known, and poor Quintin wept sadly as he thought of his wife's brief and unhappy career. He removed with his daughter into furnished lodgings, not wishing the child to be burdened too soon with the cares of house-

keeping. What he would not allow her to do for him, however, she soon became very anxious to do for another, and the days of her mourning were not long passed when she became the happy wife of a young man named Wentworth, bookkeeper in one of the leading hardware firms in Montreal. She has now children of her own, and the youngsters' greatest delight is to gather round their grandfather's knee while he astonishes them with stories. To them nor to no one else, however, has he told, even as I have done, the story of the frail shop-girl, who from being young and handsome, and the belle of her circle of acquaintances, became a wretched and deceitful woman, diseased both in body and mind, and finally sank into a premature grave.

Out on this heartless, brutal system, and the thoughtlessness and ignorance which permit it! I hope the narrative given above may cause some of those at least who engage in this barbarous system to pause and give the great problem of life, capital and labor, a few moments thought; that they may see the error of their way, and that poor Esther Quintin may not have died in vain.

CHAPTER VIII.

The two Orphans.

One evening, about a dozen years before the introduction of the present system of fire alarms into Montreal, crowds might be seen hurrying along that part of the city known as Little St. James street, towards the scene of an immense conflagration. Several fire engines were throwing strong streams of water on the burning mass, but, the evening being windy, the fire swept all before it, and soon reduced several buildings to ashes.

In one of these resided Mr. Wilson, Notary Public, and his two daughters, the eldest a beautiful girl about 9 years old, the other aged nearly 8. When the fire commenced they were seated calmly at the tea-table, partaking of their evening meal, but, so sudden was the holocaust which burst with tremendous fury around them that they had not the slightest warning till they were surrounded with dense volumes of smoke. The two girls rushed forward to the window, and screamed for assistance, while the old man endeavored to gather some of his most valuable papers together and throw them into the street.

Amongst the crowd who assembled were two young men, clerks, named Wilgress and D'Alton respectively.

Taking in the situation at a glance, they sought hastily for ladders, and placing them against the burning windows, mounted bravely through the flames, each seizing a girl round the waist, and carrying her in safety to the ground. Their clothes were almost completely destroyed, while their faces were grimed and scorched, still, nothing daunted, they looked up to see if anything more could be done; they espied the old man at one of the windows with a parcel in his arms. Quick as thought Dalton mounted the ladder once more, going through the flames like a salamander, and, taking the parcel from the old gentleman, tried to induce him to descend the ladder. Poor old Wilson, however, could not bear to leave so much that was valuable while a chance of saving it remained, and so, rushing wildly back into the burning building, he was soon lost to sight. A cry arose from the crowd as they saw him disappear once more, and several hardy youths sprang up the ladders, determined to bring him out by force, but, ere they could enter the flaming pile, a loud shriek met their ears as the floor gave way, hurling the poor old notary into the dreadful pit of fire. All efforts to do anything further were now unavailing, and the firemen directed their energies to protecting the neighboring buildings, and preventing the fire from spreading.

The young men were at first puzzled what to do with the two girls whom they had rescued, and who were now orphans, without parents, money, or even clothes, but

some Sisters of Charity, who had wit nessed the heroic action, came forward and offered to take them in charge. The good sisters took the children to the convent, and provided them with both food and clothes, intending to educate them and bring them up in the Catholic faith, but some Protestant ladies, members of the congregation to which Mr. Wilson had belonged, having heard of the affair, induced the clergyman to call and obtain possession of the orphans, they undertaking to provide the cost of their maintenance, or to find them homes in Protestant families.

By the time the Rev. Mr. Flood called at the nunnery the children had dried their tears, and were beginning to feel quite at home. The Sister in charge, however, saw at once the correctness of the Clergyman's action, and agreed to give the girls up as soon as he had made arrangements for their reception elsewhere. In a few days they were sent for, and each was adopted by a different family; Cissie, the elder, was taken in charge by a childless minister, residing in St. Albans, in the State of Vermont, while Lillie, the younger, was adopted by a farmer from the neighborhood of Varennes.

Many years passed away and the two girls were grown up, and were both uncommonly good looking, Lillie being then just seventeen, and as handsome a girl as one could wish to see. Their circumstances, however, were not the same, for while Cissie had received a good education, and had in every way the manners of a lady, Lillie could not

even read with facility, and writing was with her an utter impossibility. The people who had adopted her were Irish settlers, who, though comfortably off, knew little beyond the cultivation of potatoes and the care of pigs.

About this time Cissie Wilson, tired of the monotony of life at St. Albans, determined to make an effort to "see the world," as she called it, and earn her own living; and, as her adopted father remonstrated with her in rather a hasty manner, she collected her effects together, and, one day while the old man was out, started for Montreal. She left a note for him, informing him of her destination, and warning him not to attempt to stop her, as she had determined, at all hazards, to carry out her intention. Miss Wilson had been several times in Montreal, and had several acquaintances there, among them a Miss Wood, whose father had a position in the Telegraph Office. To Miss Wood's, therefore, she repaired, and, being welcomed with the usual number of kisses, she requested the young lady to persuade her father to procure her a situation as telegraph operator or something of the kind, as she was determined to earn her own living. This the young lady promised to do, and succeeded so well that Miss Wilson was soon installed in a tolerably good position, earning enough money to maintain and clothe herself respectably.

Things went on smoothly enough for a time, Miss Wilson spending most of her leisure time with her friend, Miss Wood, or sitting quietly at home arranging such dresses

and finery as her scanty income permitted her to indulge in. After some months, however, she began to make more friends, and being invited frequently out, and made much of because of her beauty and accomplishments, she soon became madly eager for the means of dressing herself like the rest, and making the conquests she knew she could make, were she only to have equal terms with her rivals.

This passion for dress and jewellery soon became deep-seated; were she only well dressed, what could she not achieve. She had, in her anxious endeavors to make a good impression in society, deprived herself even of necessaries in order to procure a fashionable ball-dress and outfit, and these were now no longer fit for active service. While musing over this circumstance one evening, as she walked home to supper, she chanced to meet Anna Smith, who had been the belle at the last ball, her fine dress and showy jewellery having completely eclipsed the more solid and modest beauty of the poor telegraph girl. Miss Smith inquired casually if Cissie were going to the Oddfellows' ball, an affair which was then on the *tapis*, and when the latter answered in the negative, explaining that her small salary would not allow her to purchase the necessary finery, Miss Smith laughed and called her a silly little goose. Taking her by the arm, Anna then let her into a secret, and explained how *she* obtained all she required, and indeed could, out of the abundance of her stores, fit out Miss Cissie, whom she chose to consider her protégée.

She urged Cissie not to miss the ball on any account, and reminded her that she had already obtained a decided advantage over Miss Williams, Miss Hunt and Miss Jones, and that with such an outfit as she would lend her the victory would be complete.

Cissie was for a moment shocked. She had been several times offered presents by gentlemen of her acquaintance, but had always resolutely declined to take them, having an instinctive feeling which warned her against their acceptance. She could not bear now to wear the dresses proffered by Miss Smith, and momentarily made up her mind not to go to the ball at all. Then again her heart failed her as her companion glibly ran over the names of those who were to attend, and Cissie thought how she would like to enter the room on Horace Gibson's arm in the presence of Miss Williams and the rest. Horace Gibson was a clerk in the Bank of Montreal who had invited Miss Wilson to the ball, and was to receive her answer that evening. As luck would have it, that young gentleman approached just as the girls were rounding the corner of the street, and, raising his hat in salute, inquired if he was to have the pleasure of taking Miss Wilson to the ball. Cissie hung her head, and was just about to offer some excuse, when Miss Smith answered for her:

"Oh, yes, *of course* she'll go, and be the best dressed and best looking lady in the room too."

"If *you* have taken her up, I am sure she will be at

least the *second* best as regards get up," responded Mr. Gibson, conveying an indirect compliment to Miss Smith herself, who was celebrated for the elegance of her attire. Cissie could not utter a word. After all, she thought, there can be no harm in borrowing a dress from a young lady! It was not for her to inquire how that lady was able to purchase so many dresses; and then, as she looked at the handsome young man before her, and thought how her rivals would bite their lips with envy to see her in her elegant out-fit, the blood rushed into her temples, and with an impetuous bound she burst away from both her companions and entered the house, saying to Mr. Gibson: "Yes, I'll go; call for me at nine to-morrow."

Till late night Cissie sat in her rocking-chair, her hands pressed over her throbbing temples; at length wearied nature came to her relief, and compelled her to retire to bed. Being fatigued, she soon fell fast asleep, and on the morrow when she awoke, although she remembered clearly all that had passed on the previous evening, she had not the same sensitive feelings, or the same sharp prickings of conscience, and, as she walked towards the office, she began to anticipate the ball with the greatest pleasure.

As Miss Smith had said, Cissie, beautiful before, was ten times as beautiful now that she was adorned with all that art could do in the matters of dress and jewellery. Miss Williams fairly gnashed her teeth with envy, and left the hall shortly after ten o'clock, disgusted with *that thing*

from the telegraph office, while the gentlemen eagerly sought for an introduction to the acknowledged belle of the ball-room. Miss Smith was as proud of Cissie's success as if it had been her own. With all her faults the girl possessed a good heart, and in doing as she did fancied she was doing the innocent country girl a kindness in opening to her the highway to fame and fortune, even though it were reached by the gate of dishonor.

It is needless to give in detail the particulars of Cissie Wilson's career; suffice it to say, that the brilliant triumph at the Oddfellows' ball was too much for her weak nature. She plunged headlong into the vortex of worldly pleasure and excitement, and, having little time or inclination for reflection, became in time quite habituated to this peculiar mode of life, always maintaining outwardly, however, a moral and respectable appearance.

All this time, the reader may well ask, what had become of Lillie, the younger sister? She had been remarkably successful in her country home, having at her feet the hands and hearts of all the most eligible young men for miles round. This at one time would have gratified her utmost ambition; but her sister's letters from Montreal made her dreadfully anxious to join her in her whirl of exciting pleasures, and, with the understanding that her sister would obtain her employment in Montreal, Lillie, at the age of eighteen, came to the city.

She was not long in her new home till her sister un-

bosomed to her many things of which she had previously been in ignorance, and promised to introduce her to the *créme de la créme* of her worldly companions, urging her to endeavor to acquire these graces and accomplishments which she had failed to learn in her country home. Lillie soon became more popular even than her sister; for, although she was not so well educated, she was naturally clever and witty, and there was a vivacity and freshness about her conversation, which, added to her beautiful face and perfect figure, made her a charming and desirable companion.

One day Mr. D'Alton, one of the gentlemen who had rescued the two girls from the fire, was walking along Notre Dame street, when he observed a beautiful girl, rather showily dressed, promenading just in front of him. Something in the girl's manner attracted his attention, and, as he passed her, he turned round, and carefully scanned her face. As he did so the girl looked up and their eyes met; he, raising his hat, blurted out an apology, saying he had mistaken her for another lady of his acquaintance named Brown. "Oh," said she, laughing, "my name is Lillie Wilson."

On hearing this name D'Alton started, and, having questioned her closely concerning her antecedents, asked her if she remembered the fire, and the two gentlemen who rescued herself and her sister; and, although she had altogether forgotten his appearance, she remembered the circumstance perfectly. They walked together for a little while, and then

he asked her permission to visit her at her address, and was astonished to find that she objected, for some strange reason, to do so. At length, bursting into tears, she confided to him her whole history, informing him that she had been seduced and betrayed, and was at that moment *enceinte*. This disclosure, as may well be supposed, staggered D'Alton not a little, but at the same time he became more and more interested in the girl, and offered, if she would promise to give up her corrupt mode of life that he would do his best to see her through her present difficulty. Calling on me, he consulted with me as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, explaining that, although he was willing to do all in his power for the girl for the sake of old associations, yet that he did not wish to peril his own reputation. I promised to do what I could for the girl, and calling on her was informed that her paramour was an officer in the Rifle Brigade, who had returned to England, leaving her to bear the burden of their crime. Having procured suitable lodgings, I saw the girl comfortably housed, and in due time she gave birth to a fine little boy, which, as usual in these cases, was sent to the nunnery to be taken care of by the good Sisters of Charity.

Mr. D'Alton did not come to visit Miss Wilson during her convalescence but, after she was completely recovered he called frequently, taking her to theatres and concerts, and sometimes in the winter to sleigh-rides. What his intentions at first may have been I do not know; I cer-

tainly think that but for his friends he would openly have married her; be that as it may, in a short time it became apparent that they had both overstepped the bounds of ordinary friendly intercourse, and that Mrs. Rushton (as she now called herself) would soon require my services a second time. This time she gave birth to a beautiful girl, and, before many years were past, there followed another girl and boy. These children were not, as in the former case, sent to the nunnery, but were retained and brought up by their mother, she being smart enough to perceive that by doing so she would maintain a hold on their father, and secure for herself, if not a respectable, at least a comfortable position, Mr. D'Alton having been successful in business, and being at that time one of the leading brokers in Montreal.

For a time things went on this way, D'Alton visiting his mistress frequently, and becoming passionately fond of the children, whom Mrs. Rushton artfully used to influence him on all occasions. To do her justice, it must be said that she never, either in thought or action, was untrue to D'Alton, and that, whatever her past career might have been, she lived at this time a quiet life, indeed, caring only for her husband (as she called him) and her children. By the time the little boy was two years old, both mother and children had so ingratiated themselves in Mr. D'Alton's affections, that he determined, come what might, to marry his mistress, and so make their future offspring at least legitimate.

He was weary of his irregular mode of life, and, being comparatively wealthy, longed for some place which he could call his home. His wife could hardly mix in society, even could she obtain an *entrée* to that realm of prudery and hypocrisy, but he cared for no society better than that of herself and his children, and his bachelor friends, of whom he had not a few, would, even if they did know or surmise the truth, exercise a more liberal spirit, particularly while the wine in his cellar maintained its reputation. Accordingly, he one day astonished and delighted Mrs. Rushton with the proposal that he should marry her; and that they should live together openly. As may be supposed, the lady unhesitatingly accepted the proposal, and accordingly they were married, formally and legally in St. George's Church, which, at that time was situated in St. Joseph street, on the site now occupied by Messrs. Ligget & Hamilton's large dry goods store. Mr. D'Alton took a house in a new portion of the city, and as they lived very quietly, receiving no calls, except from business friends of Mr. D'Alton, the neighbors did not trouble themselves much about them, or inquire concerning their antecedents.

Although her husband did not trouble himself whether his wife was or was not received into society, Mrs. D'Alton felt it very keenly. She had not, like him, drank the cup of life's pleasures till itt asted insipid or even nauseous; on the contrary, she looked on the pomps and vanities of society as only a woman *can* look on them, and now that she

was legally respectable, and rich enough to keep pace with even the most fashionable of her neighbors, it made her very heart ache to think that these scenes of brightness were closed to her as much as ever. She thought of what she might have been had she not in her ambitious haste gone off the right track; and, pained with bitter reflections, and with no one to speak to or converse with (for her husband spent most of his time at the club) she solaced herself, as others in her predicament have done, with the cup of forgetfulness, sinking deeper and deeper at every step, till the habit became confirmed.

Although Mrs. D'Alton had taken her husband into her confidence, and told him truthfully her history, she had not sufficient strength of mind to tell him how ignorant she really was, and that she could not even read and write with accuracy. Her letters to her husband had been written by her nursery-governess, engaged ostensibly to instruct the children; but in reality to act as amanuensis for the lady of the house. The young lady thus engaged was at first rather averse to signing her mistress' name to her letters without adding her own initials, but the present of a handsome broach and earrings soon quieted her sensitive conscience. and she soon fell into the plan, not being unwilling to make use of such a powerful lever for obtaining largesses from Mrs. D'Alton. In time this young lady became so overbearing that her mistress fully made up her mind to discharge her, but a summer trip to Portland being then on

the tapis, she allowed her to have her own way, as Mr. D'Alton remained in Montreal, and would naturally expect letters from his wife during her absence. She would have dismissed the governess and engaged another, trusting to her own pleadings and the powerful appeals of her purse to win her over, but the handwriting would not be the same, and she would not for worlds have allowed her husband to think she had deceived him.

The day came for their departure for Orchard Beach, where Mr. D'Alton had taken a cottage for their use. The children were in great glee as they anticipated surf bathing and digging in the sand, but Mrs. D'Alton was moody and down-hearted, the exhilarating effects of a large potion of brandy having worn off and a reaction set in; her husband, however, attributed it to sorrow at her separation from him, and was rather gratified to think she was so deeply affected.

They arrived at her destination in due course, and were comfortably ensconced in the cosy little cottage. Miss Watson, the governess, dressed herself up, and with the children departed for the promenade, and Mrs. D'Alton was left to her own reflections. The thought of her past career, of the opportunities gone for ever, and lastly of the predicament she was now in, shunned by all respectable people, and despised by her own paid servant, who felt her power, and was disposed to wield it unmercifully. The brandy-bottle, her never-failing companion, was by her side, and as she mused mopingly over her sins, she took from time to time copious

draughts of the potent spirits, regardless of its power to do otherwise than to rob her of these racking memories of the past. In about two hours the promenaders returned and found her lying back speechless in her chair, the bottle and glass by her side ; her eyes rolled wildly as she gazed vacantly on her children, but she was unable to utter a word.

Miss Watson became alarmed and summoned a doctor immediately, who, on entering the room, perceived at once the cause of Mrs. D'Alton's malady, and ordered her to be conveyed to bed. In the morning she was a little better, being able to speak ; but she was still very much shaken, and raved incoherently. Mr. D'Alton was telegraphed for, and came immediately ; but, being merely informed that his wife had had a fit, he imagined her to be afflicted with hysteria ; indeed, although he knew she was fond of a glass of wine, and often joined him in partaking of brandy and water, he had no idea that she imbibed to such an extent.

In a few days Mrs. D'Alton was able to go out again, and, as during her husband's stay at Orchard Beach she was particularly abstemious, she was able to associate with the ladies in the hotel, and made several acquaintances, who, seeing that she had the dress and manners of a lady, interchanged calls with her and invited her to visit them in Montreal. On her return to her home, however, these ladies received her but coldly, and when she gave a large party, inviting all those whom she had met at the seaside, "they all, with one accord, began to make excuse," and at

entertainment there were present, besides herself and the family, only a sister of the governess, and one or two bachelor friends of Mr. D'Alton. Dancing was of course out of the question, so they organized two whist parties, and, with a little music, managed to drag along till supper, which was served in Joyce's best style, and looked unnecessarily elaborate for the small number who were to partake of it.

Mrs. D'Alton was mortified; she had imagined that those people whom she met at the seaside would have judged her on her merits, and would not have taken the trouble to inquire concerning her antecedents. She did not calculate that, what may be allowable at a summer resort, would not be tolerated in Montreal society; moreover, that the tongue of slander had been busily engaged in painting her even blacker than she really was, so that these people, even if personally disposed to associate with her, *dared* not do so lest they might lose their own insecure foothold on the ladder of social position. In moody silence she presided throughout the entire evening; she was enraged at herself and at the poor enslaved creatures who, though anxious to go and enjoy themselves yet dared not infringe the rules laid down by society; and, as she drank glass after glass of her husband's famous Moselle, she became more and more despondent.

About midnight Amy Watson, the sister of the nursery-governess, took her departure, and Mr. D'Alton with his

friends, went up to the billiard room to enjoy themselves at their favorite game. It was near daylight ere they grew tired of pocketing the ivory spheres, and left their host to close the doors, and retire to his room. When he did so what a sight met his gaze! There lay his wife in all the finery she had arrayed herself to dazzle her fashionable acquaintances, *a speechless corpse!* a brandy-bottle, nearly emptied, lay at her side, telling too plainly what had been the cause of her untimely death. Her husband's first impulse was to ring the bell and send for a doctor, but, knowing the scandal that would surely ensue, he quietly let himself out, and went for Dr. Hickson, being determined not to give up hope till he had done all that could possibly be done. The doctor on examining the body shook his head ominously, confirming Mr. D'Alton in the belief that his wife was no more; he considerately agreed to remain in the house, and not to inform the servants for some time of the occurrence. The doctor's presence, of course, excited some alarm, and in a short time it was known that Mrs. D'Alton was dangerously ill, the announcement of her death being reserved for a time till all the traces of the recent festivities were removed, and the house had resumed its normal condition.

When the children heard of their mother's death they rent the air with their cries of anguish; even Miss Watson shed real tears, her occupation, like that of Othello, being gone. Poor Mr. D'Alton was almost beside himself. He had never loved another woman; and, though he was not

blind to his wife's failings and shortcomings, he nevertheless lamented the loss of one, who, whatever her faults, was true to him and a good mother to his children.

In the meantime what had become of Cissie Wilson, Mrs. D'Alton's elder sister? She had endeavored to persuade Mrs. D'Alton to engage her as governess to her children, but the latter, once married, refused to hold any communication with her whatever. Miss Wilson then despairing of finding a road to reform in Montreal, took her departure for Toronto, taking a position as governess in one of the leading families there. On hearing of her sister's death she wrote to Mr. D'Alton, offering to take charge of the children till he had time to make permanent arrangements for their education. To this letter she received no reply, which nettled her so much that she determined on a plot for wounding the pride of her haughty brother-in-law. "Who is he," she would exclaim, "that he should dare to snub me?" "If I *have* sinned, was *she* not equally bad, and is he not guilty *himself?*" "Never mind, Mr. D'Alton, I will have my revenge some day." She racked her brain to think of some means of repaying him for his severity to her, but could think of nothing at the time, and so resolved to wait and watch her opportunity.

It was some years before Miss Wilson had that opportunity for which her heart so yearned, but come it did, surely enough, and she dealt to Mr. D'Alton a blow so bitter that he never got over its effects.

Lillian, Mr. D'Alton's eldest daughter had, after her mother's death, been sent to a fashionable school in Mansfield street, presided over by the wife of one of our leading brokers. Here she made many friends, and being known only as the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a rich widower doing business in Montreal, and well known on the Exchange, she was in time introduced into society, and became at one bound the belle of the season.

At that time several British regiments occupied the Quebec Gate barracks, and the officers were eagerly sought after by the party-giving community, no ball being complete without at least two or three officers *in full uniform.* Among the latter was a certain Captain Trevelyan, the heir-apparent of an English nobleman, who was, of course *the* eligible young gentleman of the season. Most of the ladies openly courted Captain Trevelyan and, figuratively speaking, laid themselves at his feet; but Lillian D'Alton was too little versed in such matters to know the triumph she had achieved in being sought after as a partner by the much-admired Captain, and, when he asked her to dance although she complied readily with his request, yet she carried herself with an air so natural, and altogether so different from the time-worn belles he was so accustomed to meet, that he engaged her for dance after dance, then for supper, and, before the ball was concluded, he was deeply in love with her, none the less because she was the only young lady in the room who did not covet that distinction·

Although Lillian was but eighteen years of age, she could not but perceive the marked attention paid to her by Captain Trevelyan, nor was she blind to the glances of envious hatred darted at her from all quarters. Her heart responded to the unspoken avowal of her partner, and ere they parted that night they were one in heart and in thought, each living only for and in the presence of the other.

Youthful love makes rapid progress. Ere many months had passed Lillian D'Alton was the affianced bride of Captain Trevelyan, and their approaching wedding was the one theme of conversation at balls, routes or parties.

Here then was the opportunity longed for by Miss Wilson. She would inform Captain Trevelyan and his friends concerning the D'Alton family, and warn him to break off his engagement. With a refinement of cruelty peculiar to women blinded with rage, she allowed the wedding day to be fixed before she communicated with the bridegroom, and then sent him a complete history of the family he was about to enter, informing him that the lady he was about to marry was the illegitimate child of Mr. D'Alton, and that in marrying her he would not only injure his own prospects, but alienate himself completely from his family, bringing on them both shame and discredit.

Captain Trevelyan read the letter with astonishment, but did not believe one word it contained. His Lillian a bastard! why the thing was preposterous. Her father

was as well known on 'Change as Rothschild was in London. Her mother's funeral had been attended by the wealth and fashion of Montreal, and since that time Lillian had been the acknowledged belle of the set commonly known as "the upper ten." The letter being written in rather extravagant terms, he imagined it to contain the incoherent ravings of a maniac, and his first impulse was to toss it aside. On the arrival of the English mail, however, he received letters from his friends, couched in terms of the deepest anxiety, urging him to sever all connection with the D'Alton family if he did not wish to alienate himself completely from all his family and friends. These letters led him to think more seriously concerning the communication from Toronto, and being determined, come what might, to know the worst at once, he started immediately for Mr. D'Alton's residence, only to find that the gentleman in question had just that moment departed for his office.

Lillian was at home, however, and she rushed downstairs impetuously to meet her affianced husband. He received her as usual, but there was a cloud on his brow as he followed her into her boudoir, where they frequently spent hours together. He questioned her concerning her aunt and her relations generally, but Lillian knew little more than that her aunt resided in Toronto, and was generally considered to be what is called "flighty."

This somewhat reassured Trevelyan, and he dismissed

the subject for a time from his mind. He determined, however, to clear the matter up, and so in the evening he called to see Mr. D'Alton, requesting a few words with him in private. The two men entered the study, and Trevelyan led off by saying:—"I have received a strange communication from your sister-in-law, Miss Wilson; from what Lillian has told me, I am aware that she is a person of weak intellect, and her stories are not worthy of credence, but I thought it due to you, nevertheless, to bring the matter to your notice."

At the mention of Miss Wilson's name D'Alton turned deadly pale. He was a bold man, and capable of carrying out a deep scheme, had he felt so disposed; but this intimacy of Trevelyan with his daughter was the result of no scheme, and he had for some years lived, with the rest of his family, a blameless life, rejoicing in the fact that his neighbors either did not know, or had forgotten, or overlooked his past career, and were prepared to receive his children with open arms into society. With bated breath he ran his eyes hastily over the letter held out to him by Trevelyan, and in an instant he saw the whole situation. If he could only have had time to consider the matter, he would probably have taken the right course, come what might; but he had little time for decision, as Trevelyan stood before him, eagerly expecting a reply. Mr. D'Alton pictured to himself the state of affairs did he acknowledge the truth of the accusation, and though loath to deceive

the young man (whom he already loved almost as dearly as his own son), he dared not ruin his daughter's prospects by an avowal. Pretending to read the letter once more, he gained a little time, and then, with consummate diplomacy, endeavored to find out what Trevelyan thought. Looking up coolly, he said :—

"And do you believe all this, Trevelyan ?"

Of course Trevelyan *did not* believe it, and was profuse in his apologies, for having permitted himself to doubt for a moment that the writer was bereft of reason. This confirmed Mr. D'Alton in his course, and he at once denounced his sister-in-law in no measured terms, vowing to punish her for her irresponsible utterances. The news that Miss Wilson had written to Captain Trevelyan's friends in England made D'Alton furious, and he swore a fearful oath that he would place her where her ravings would harm no one but herself. All night long he thought over schemes for getting rid of her, and at length he concocted a plan which he speedily put into execution.

As was said before, Mrs. D'Alton and her sister were orphans, and they both left their adopted parents early in life having lived under assumed names for years, and severed all connection with their former associates. During Mrs. D'Alton's lifetime her sister was forbidden to approach the house, and on the death of the former Miss Wilson was not recognized by her brother-in-law. The children had never

seen or known their aunt, and the people with whom she had last resided in Montreal (in the capacity of nursery-governess) had known her as Miss Rogers, and had lately lost all trace of her whereabouts.

Taking the early train for Toronto, Mr. D'Alton took counsel of an astute lawyer, and learned that, as events had been shapen, Miss Wilson would have now great difficulty in proving her connection with the D'Alton family, did he choose to deny it, and that the fact of her having written such letters as those received by Trevelyan and his family would be fair presumptive evidence that the woman was insane.

Carefully considering his position, D'Alton determined on his course of proceeding. He was averse to a public prosecution, as many things, now unknown or forgotten, might be brought to light, and yet he felt that the woman must be effectually silenced by some means or other. Going to her residence he boldly demanded an interview with her, and, producing the letter to Trevelyan, asked if she had written it. Miss Wilson laughed as she saw the effect of her shot, and exultantly exclaimed:— "Of course I wrote it; who else *could* have done it?"

"And are you aware that you are liable to be prosecated for libel"? pursued D'Alton.

"It is no libel," retorted she, fiercely; you know it is true, or you would not be here now."

"Indeed! *can you prove it, then?*"

"I have no need to prove it to you. Your very facial expression acknowledges it to be true."

"Will that satisfy the jury?"

"What jury?"

"The jury who are to try you for a malicious libel!"

At this Cissie started, but recovering herself exclaimed: "*You* dare not sue me for libel. Your history would not stand repetition in court?"

"Who knows my history?"

"I do!"

"Indeed! WHO ARE YOU?"

The fierceness with which he said this made his sister-in-law quail. She perceived that he was terribly in earnest as he repeated his question in a tone very unusual with him, and she meekly replied:

"You know well enough who I am, your late wife's sister."

"My wife *had no sister.*"!

The look he gave as he said this fairly frightened her. She had seen a good deal of life, and had in her time met with all kinds of men and women, but never till now did she fear either. She began to see that she had roused a desperate man, and that, legally, she had no hold on him, neither status in society; moreover that she had got entangled in the meshes of her own net, and that only the dread of exposure would prevent D'Alton from prosecuting her for libel. Not knowing what to do, she remained

mute, her eyes fixed firmly on the ground. At length Mr. D'Alton broke the silence: "You have evidently had an object," he said, "in circulating these reports." If your object be to extort money out of me, you will find it more to your interest to remain silent." With these words he drew from his pocket a roll of bank bills, and laid them on the table near his companion; but she, growing livid with rage, refused to touch them, promising to expose him and his family before all the world.

D'Alton had not calculated on this, and was for a time taken a little aback. His last card, however, was not yet played; and, summoning all his energies together, he braced himself for the enactment of that, which under other circumstances, he would have suffered much rather than become in any sense a party thereto. Addressing the lady once more he said:—"What, then, was your object in writing these letters?"

"My object was *to disclose the truth*," she cried, vehemently, "to denounce you as a blackhearted villain, and to save an unsuspecting youth from becoming the victim of your deep-laid schemes."

D'Alton bit his lip with passion, but restrained himself. "And you do all this solely from conscientious motives," he said with a sneer.

"My conscience, like your own, Mr. D'Alton, is pretty well hardened. No; I have no conscientious motives to impel me to show your true character to the world; but

revenge is sweet, and I have not forgotten the scorn and contempt with which both you and your fashionable wife treated me while I was in Montreal. *I* was not good enough to touch the hem of your garments, but *she* was dressed up and paraded in the drawing-rooms of those who did not know better than to admit her; and now her b—— daughter is to wed a scion of a noble house, while *I* am not even recognized. No, Robert D'Alton, you will not become respectable and leave *me* out in the cold, insulting and spurning me at every turn with your petty offers of money. I have sworn to have my revenge, and by —— now that the opportunity offers, I *will have* it, too!"

She had worked herself up to state of uncontrollable fury. Her eyes rolled wildly, and she looked like one demented. This gave the devil his opportunity, for D'Alton, who had been halting between two opinions, came to a hasty conclusion, and bringing the interview to a close, hurriedly left the house, his teeth firmly set, and a horrid glare in his eyes. He walked rapidly down Yonge street and along the east end of King street, then, hailing a cab, he directed the driver to travel towards the west end, coming to a halt opposite the Lunatic Asylum. Entering he enquired for Dr. Tuffnell, and was informed that he would likely find that gentleman at his residence on Jarvis street. On repairing thither he found the doctor at home, and, requesting a few minutes' private conversation, was soon closeted in the consultation room.

"I have long intended to see you," Mr. D'Alton began, "about a young lady who lived in our family some years ago in the capacity of nursery-governess. She was always of a somewhat flighty disposition, which we used to humour as best we could, and when she left us (at my wife's death) for Toronto, we fancied she had quite recovered, but it seems she has been gradually growing worse, and she now continually torments our friends and us with letters full of ridiculous flights of fancy, which, though meaningless to those who understand how she has been afflicted, might possibly cause serious trouble."

"Has the young lady, then, no friends or relatives?"

"None, whatever. She was taken out of an orphan asylum by an aged clergyman, now deceased, who adopted her and since his death she has supported herself by teaching. We consulted our physician about her some time ago, when she imagined herself to be my wife, and ordered her mistress down to the kitchen. He thought it would be advisable for her to take another situation away from us till her health improved, as she was continually fancying herself trampled upon by some member of the family; we accordingly procured for her a situation in a friend's house in Montreal, but they in turn became frightened of her, and dismissed her, which dismissal, strange to say, she attributed *to me.* She now imagines herself to be my wife's sister, and demands an entrance into my house, denouncing me in the vilest terms, and writing scandalous letters to all my acquaintances."

"Are you sure she is insane?"

"Well, I have long tried to pursuade myself that she is not; but latterly she has grown so violent that I am afraid that what I said years ago to my late wife in fun about her being demented was only painfully true. If you would kindly visit her and give me your opinion concerning her case, you would oblige me very much."

"What does her present mistress say about her?"

"Oh! she has only been there a short time, and has not yet given an exhibition of her oratorical powers. Still the lady, who is a clergyman's widow, told me that she walks about her room in the middle of the night, talking wildly to herself."

Dr. Tuffnell had not time to visit Miss Wilson that morning, but he made an appointment with Mr. D'Alton for the following day, and together they went to the unfortunate girl's residence. Arrived at the house they rang the bell, and inquired for Mrs. Brookes, the mistress.

Mrs. Brookes was a middle-aged lady of a retiring disposition. Her husband had died at an early age, leaving her to take care of three young children. Her temporal wants however, were provided for, her husband having been possessed of a handsome income independently of his small salary. Dr. Tuffnell made inquiries concerning Miss Wilson's habits, and was informed that her actions were at times very peculiar; that she had not gone to bed all the past night, but had stamped up and down her room, talking

as if to a second party. Mrs. Brookes was shocked to hear that she had unwittingly engaged a mad woman to take charge of her children, and suddenly recollected several extraordinary episodes which, until that time, had never struck her forcibly.

It was arranged that the Doctor should see Miss Wilson and satisfy himself concerning her affliction before any further steps were taken. Accordingly Mrs. Brookes rang the bell and told the servant to summon the governess.

Miss Wilson had not slept all night, and her eyes had a wild expression, which heightened when she beheld Mr. D'Alton. The doctor, having previously taken all that was told him for granted, made up his mind at once that she was insane, and never reflected for a moment on the possibility of some scheme being on foot to injure her. On entering the room she laughed widly and said—"So you have come back with your bag of gold. I tell you its *trash*, sordid trash, not half so sweet as REVENGE!"

Now as the doctor had heard nothing from either D'Alton or Mrs. Brookes which he could in any way connect with this wild utterance; moreover, as the young lady looked like a tigress, and walked fiercely up and down the room, he became more than ever convinced that he had got a bad case in hand and acted accordingly. Looking at D'Alton he shook his head, which Mrs. Brookes perceiving, she shook her head in turn, and, taking out her handkerchief, wept copiously. Dr. Tuffnell tried to soothe the patient with

gentle words, but she (mistaking him for a pettifogging lawyer, whom D'Alton had engaged to bind her over to keep the peace) cried out:

"Ah, yes! you want to quiet me; but *you can't* quiet me. I am like the surging cataract, which, suppressed in one place, bursts out again with more fury in another. I have suffered too much to be tamed down by soft and gilded promises No, Robert D'Alton, you have started the mighty avalanche, and it is too late now to stop its progress."

The doctor began to feel he had a desperate case in hand, and tried to quiet her, but the more he did so the worse she got, till at last all persons began to talk to her, receiving from the poor girl replies altogether removed from the point at issue, coupled with threats and oaths and furious gesticulations. At length the doctor suggested, in a whisper, the propriety of their departure, when they might consider what was best to be done; but, on Mrs. Brookes protesting that she was afraid to stay alone in the house with the maniac, Dr. Tuffnell despatched a note to the asylum, and in a short time two keepers arrived, and proceeded to take Miss Wilson into their care till she should become possessed of a sound mind.

There is no time at which a sane person looks so much like a maniac as when trying to convince people of his sanity. The real lunatic will cunningly hide his affliction from the most watchful, and is frequently able to deceive those unaccustomed to deal with persons of unsound mind;

but the victim of persecution becomes wild with honest indignation, and generally manages to convince even those who might be inclined to believe him to be sane.

When the truth of her position began to dawn on Miss Wilson, she became more frantic than ever. She raved at D'Alton and the doctor, tore with her hands at the keepers, and abused Mrs. Brookes for standing tamely by to see one of her own sex so ill-used. She roared so that two policemen came rushing up to the steps to inquire what was, the matter; but, seeing Dr. Tuffnell, with whom they were well acquainted, they saluted him respectfully and with-drew.

Miss Wilson was accordingly driven to the asylum and incarcerated till she should come to her senses, and Mr. D'Alton, having made arrangements for her safe-keeping returned to Montreal.

Shortly after her father's return Lillian D'Alton was married to Captain Trevelyan in Christ Church Cathedral. The wealth, beauty and fashion of Montreal attended the wedding, and the costliest presents were displayed on her father's sideboard. The young couple departed for England immediately, Trevelyan's regiment having been ordered home, and the bride was received into the first London circles.

Mr. D'Alton remained in Montreal, where he still lives and moves in the best society. What his private feelings are I cannot tell, but outwardly all is serene, the only one besides myself who knows his family history having long since passed away in solitary confinement.

CHAPTER IX.

A Tale of Two Cities.

Among the many friends we made during our stay in Montreal, none were so thoroughly beloved by myself and family as the Sinclairs. Mr. Sinclair was an English artist who had settled in Canada some time previous to our arrival, and, being generally well informed, as well as a shining light in his own profession, he was made much of by the English residents here, and had as pupils many of the wives and daughters of the officers of the garrison, besides some of the more cultivated Canadians. Mrs. Sinclair was a refined English lady of good family, and had several children, mostly girls, who were greatly admired not only for their beauty, but also for their many and various accomplishments. The Sinclair girls were frequently at our house, being, in fact, looked upon as members of our family, and no social gathering of ours was considered complete without them.

In time Mr. Sinclair became tired of Montreal. Many of his patrons left with their regiments for England, and he became weary of the dull routine and scanty income which he saw was all he could ever look forward to in Canada; so, breaking up his household, he departed for

the United States, and, having lived for a time in various cities, finally settled in Boston, where he became quite successful, and soon obtained an enviable reputation as a portrait painter.

Lulu Sinclair, the eldest of the girls, was a sprightly blonde of about sixteen when her father left Montreal, and the family had not been long in Boston before she became acquainted with a young pianist named Hill, who was engaged as a teacher at one of the conservatories, and a mutual attachment sprang up beteween the pair. Miss Sinclair had already made her *début* in Boston Music Hall as a vocalist, and the pair were frequently engaged at the same concerts and entertainments, so that the natural sequence was that they in time became engaged, and afterwards—*married !*

" Nothing very mysterious in that," I think I hear my fair reader say, a little disappointed that I have not prepared a spicy bit of scandal for her delectation; but as Balaam the Prophet could only speak as he was impelled by the spirit, so likewise must I confine myself to *the realities* of the case, and I therefore make no apology for this commonplace bit of history, but proceed with my story.

One evening Lulu made her apperance at our house, in Montreal, accompanied by Mr. Hill, her husband. It seems that they were on a concert tour, and were to give two concerts in Saint Patrick's Hall, which at that time stood

on the corner of Craig street and Victoria square, and, as we had often invited them to do so, they promised to avail themselves of our hospitality during their stay, as their engagement terminated with these concerts and they were anxious to take a little rest before returning to Boston.

The children were delighted to have Mr. and Mrs. Hill in the house with them ; they had never met a *real live prima donna* in private life before, and they flaunted " Professor Hill " and " Mademoiselle Lulu Sinclair " in the faces of their juvenile acquaintances, as if they had been entertaining the Emperor of all the Russias and Her Imperial Majesty the Empress.

Since the Sinclairs had left Montreal, the principal playmates of our children had been the Bennetts, who lived in the adjoining street. Mr. Bennett was a French-Canadian, with (as usual) a large family, and was in comfortable circumstances, having a large retail grocery on Notre Dame street. One evening, shortly after the arrival of Mr. Hill and his wife, the former drew me aside and asked me if I knew a family in Montreal named Bennett. I told him that I knew them intimately, that they lived close at hand, and taking him to the window (it was late in the spring) I showed him the children walking opposite hand in hand with our own. He then intimated that he had something to tell me, and, taking me aside into the adjoining room, he told me something which astonished me as much as it will doubtless astonish the reader of these pages.

It seems that Mr. Bennett's father was an American, who, in early life, being settled in Montreal, became enamoured of a Canadian girl named Beauchamp. Miss Beauchamp was young, pretty, and a Catholic. The first two of these qualifications rather suited Mr. Bennett, and the third did not in any way annoy him, he being (although a Protestant) a liberal-minded man, and having the idea that thoughts and opinions could not be forced, like sheep, to go in a particular track, but that every one should be free to hold what convictions his reason dictated, untrammelled by conventionality or creed of any kind. Miss Beauchamp professed to be of a like mind, and agreed to allow him to educate the boys (if any), while she would look after the female issue of their marriage. With this ridiculous understanding they got married, and for a time things went pleasantly along, Mrs. Bennett attending L'Eglise St. Jacques regularly, not only without opposition from her husband but sometimes even accompanied by him. He did not believe in the efficacy of the service to save his soul, but he had sufficient common sense to know that it could not harm him, or turn him one whit aside from what his reason dictated; and neither did it, for at the end of two years he was as greatly opposed to what he considered the errors of the Church of Rome as ever he was, and though he attended L'Eglise St. Jacques almost as regularly as St. George's Church, of which he was a member, he went

there simply because he liked the society of his wife, and she believed it to be necessary for her salvation.

In the course of time Mrs. Bennett gave birth to a boy, then two girls, and afterwards another boy, all of whom, as children will, made enquiries concerning whence they were and whither they were going, etc. Mr. Bennett now began to see the folly he had been guilty of in making the agreement mentioned above. If the Catholic religion were the true and only faith, all his sons were on the high road to perdition; if, as he was inclined to think, the Protestant religion were nearer the mark, then what was to become of the girls? What a pleasant prospect was there before him! His family torn and divided by the most bitter of all dissentions, religious disputes (or rather *irreligious* disputes about matters of doctrine), and his life and those of all his family rendered miserable. This was certainly bad enough in its way, but something more annoying was in store for him. He one day discovered that not only were the girls baptized in the Romish faith, but that the *boys also* were surreptitiously baptized by the parish priest, so that he alone of all the family remained a Protestant, and a poor one at that. Every day things got more and more complicated, and his wife at last openly avowed that *all* the children were to be Roman Catholics, and advised him also to flee from the wrath to come and take refuge in the arms of the true church.

Bennett was not exactly a bigot, but, if not a Protestant,

he was certainly not going to become a Roman Catholic. Cursing himself bitterly for his folly, he sought to make matters better; but that, so far as changing the religion or creed of his family went, was altogether beyond his power. He had his choice between living an alien and a heretic, despised by his own family; and joining a church whose teachings he considered puerile and inefficacious, and the atmosphere of which was now exceedingly disagreeable to him. His wife showed herself so much more devoted to the church than to her husband, that his love for her soon faded away, and he made a fearful resolve to leave Montreal, and never see his wife or children more. Accordingly one evening, instead of returning as usual from his store, he left for parts unknown, leaving his wife and children almost penniless behind.

Mrs. Bennett, though acting as she did, loved her husband dearly. It was this very love for him which made her so anxious for him to leave what she considered the false religion of the Church of England for the pure and unadulterated system of the Church of Rome. She cried after him as if her heart would break, and sent after him in all directions. All her efforts, however, were in vain, no trace of her husband being found. The children were left at school till they were in time old enough to be apprenticed to a trade or business, Mrs. Bennett struggling bravely, as only a woman can do, to keep their heads above water. When William, the eldest boy, was about fourteen, he

was placed in the well-known house of Messrs. Mockridge & Co., dry goods merchants, and in course of time became thoroughly conversant with the business. He had not only been able to help his mother to maintain the family, but had put by sufficient to start a small business for himself. Before deciding on the latter, however, he determined to visit Boston, to get a few ideas connected with the business, and, while there, came across his father, who had married again under the name of Hill, his wife being a young American of good family, and the mother of the gentleman from whom I learnt this story.

William Bennett reproached his father with his misconduct, and insisted on his leaving his American wife. Bennett the elder was very much averse to doing so, but his son would leave him no alternative, threatening him with exposure and criminal action should he decline. The old man tried to temporize, and persuaded William to visit and dine with his family, introducing him as a business friend from Montreal.

Whatever Anti-Spiritualists may say to the contrary, there are undoubtedly influences other than material which affect us at times, and give us mysterious intimations of events happening or about to happen. Both Mrs. Hill and her children had a presentiment of some impending calamity, and, although they had not the faintest suspicion of the real state of affairs, they did not look on William Bennett as they would have done on any other person casu-

ally introduced into their household. A damper seemed to have been placed on all their spirits, and the flow of conversation was sluggish and dull.

After dinner they endeavored to organize an impromptu card-party, but that, also, was a failure; and, although, as a rule, they had a little music after dinner, on this particular evening each one seemed indisposed to break the monotony.

About ten o'clock William left for his hotel, having first made an appointment with his father for the following morning. When they met William returned to the subject of their previous discourse, and insisted on his father returning with him to Montreal. The old man vowed that, come what might, he would never go back to his "priest-ridden family" as he chose to designate his wife and children. The battle waxed fast and furious, till at last William exclaimed with an oath: "By ——— you shall leave your Yankee mistress, then; *she* shall suffer what *my mother* suffered; and with oaths and threatenings he hounded his father out of Boston, determined that Mrs. Hill should not (innocent though she was) enjoy the happy home which was denied to his mother.

When Mrs. Hill learned the truth (which she did from a letter sent her from Montreal) she nearly lost her reason. Her case was even worse than that of Bennett's first wife; because, whereas the latter could at least seek her husband, and live in the hope of one day finding him again, the former could not, even did she discover him, claim him as her own.

Mr. Hill's visit to Montreal, then, though ostensibly made for professional pursuits, was, in reality, to find out something concerning his father's whereabouts, and other matters connected with his quasi-relations. It was strange that he should have come to me for information, without being at all aware of our intimacy with the Bennett family; indeed, while he was relating his story Amelia Bennett, his brother's eldest child, came running in for something or another, and I at once saw a resemblance between the two, not only in personal appearance, but also in manners and actions.

The next day Mr. Hill, leaving his wife to the care of our family (who had undertaken to show her "the lions") went forth on his expedition in search of his father. He had obtained from me his brother's business address, and going to the office unannounced was immediately recognized by him, although they had only met once before, and that a considerable time previously. On explaining the object of his visit, Hill was very coldly received, and informed that Bennett the elder had left Montreal for New York some years previously, and had not since been heard of. Mr. Hill pretended to believe the story, but secretly determined to keep a watch on his half-brother, as he felt certain that the latter was still in communication with his father. He accordingly made arrangements to stay at my house, and as the Bennetts were constantly coming and going he was sure that in a short time he would learn more concerning him of whom he was in search.

One afternoon we were seated round the parlor fire, discussing the usual after-dinner topics, when Mrs. William Bennett dropped in to have a friendly chat. She disclosed the fact that her husband was going to visit a superannuated employee in the nunnery, which he usually did on the first of each month, and that she did not see what reason her husband had to support forever all his broken-down employees. At the first word, Hill listened breathlessly, and when Mrs. Bennett said that she had just left her husband dressing, he quickly, but quietly, left the room. In an instant he was opposite Bennett's house, and as soon as he noticed the bedroom light extinguished (for it was already dark), he drew back into a shadowed corner till he saw Bennett emerge from the doorway and walk rapidly down the street. Hill followed at a safe distance, but soon he saw his brother hail a passing sleigh, and, entering it, order the driver to take him somewhere; the name of the street, however, he failed to hear, and he felt chagrined to see the neighboring cab-stand completely deserted. "Now" or never, he thought, "am I to attain the object of my visit," and he dashed madly along the street after the vehicle which was travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour; several times he passed a cab-stand and would fain have taken a fresh horse in pursuit, but he was afraid that while doing so he might lose sight of the sleigh he had followed so far, or confound it with another vehicle, for they were now passing through the centre of the city towards the west end of St. Antoine street.

Past terrace after terrace they flew, till Mr. Hill was nearly faint and breathless, when a sudden turn to the right brought them to the foot of a hill, now Guy street, up which the carter walked his horse, and gave the half dead pedestrian time to recover his breath. When they had proceeded about a quarter of a mile up the hill, the carter drew up at the Nunnery on the left side of the road, and Mr. Bennett, alighting, rang the bell. A sliding panel was immediately pushed aside, and a hooded sister held a few moments conversation with the visitor, on which the door was opened, and he was admitted. Hill, who had been standing in the shadow of the porch, entered unnoticed at his brother's heels, the janitor being under the impression that they had come in the sleigh together. Walking along a dark corridor they came to a stairway, down which their guide preceded them into the basement; here Hill took a favorable opportunity to turn aside, still keeping his eye on the others till they arrived at the end of the passage and entered a large room where several old men were congregated, some chatting in groups, others smoking or reading lazily. In one of these, with emotions which cannot be described, Hill recognized his father from whom he had so long been separated. His first impulse was to rush boldly in and make himself known, but, the first transport over, his American caution prevailed, and he slipped down another passage which commanded a view of the staircase, and watched from his point of vantage the many persons returning from

visiting their friends. He felt relieved when he saw Bennett take his departure, and with one bound he rushed into the middle of the room where the old man was, and, throwing himself round his father's neck, wept like a child. The old man did not recognize him at first, but when he did he went into hysterics, so great was the shock to his nervous system. Never was there such a commotion in the quiet Nunnery, and the inmates gathered round in excited groups to listen to Hill's story. He told them that his father had left Boston some years before, and, becoming unable to support himself, had been placed by a heartless elder brother in the cold confines of the Nunnery, although the younger members of the family were both willing and anxious to support their aged parent. There being no reason why the old man should not leave the institution if so inclined, the Superior allowed him, after some hesitation, to take his departure, first receiving the grateful thanks both of himself and of his son for her kind and fostering care. Hill left a letter for his brother, informing him that, his father being willing, he had taken him away from the Nunnery, and that as they evidently did not want to keep him with *their* families, he was about to take him to live with *his.*

Bennett was furious when he received the letter, but, as Mrs. Hill was now no more, and no threats or exposures of any kind could induce young Hill and his father to separate, he allowed them to go their way in peace.

A few years after these occurrences Mr. Hill received an appointment in Montreal.

Bennett and he sometimes meet in the street, but give no signs of recognition. The old man is still living, seldom going beyond the portals of his son's house, and passing most of his time in moody meditation on the past. Let us hope that a heartfelt repentance may in some measure atone for his past weaknesses.

CHAPTER X.

A Blighted Life.

Amongst the many orthodox business men of Montreal, none were more highly esteemed than Mr. Rogers, Manager of the ——— Bank. He was what is generally considered a shrewd business man, methodical and precise in all his relations, whether commercial, domestic or ecclesiastical. I say ecclesiastical, because the worthy gentleman was one of the pillars of the church, having held the office of Elder for several years. Mr. Rogers had several children, most of whom he trained in the way in which they should go, but Jack, his eldest son, was incorrigible, and resisted all attempts to keep him under control. On Sunday mornings the family were usually marshalled in the dining-room, and marched off to church, but Master Jack frequently put in an excuse,—he had a bad cold, or a sprained ankle, or some other ailment which precluded the possibility of his attending. No sooner were the family outside the garden gate, however, than the poor boy with the sprained ankle would perform a *pas seul* on the hearth-rug, or, in spite of a cold which prevented his going out of doors, would shout "The old log cabin" with an excellent tone and remarkable vigor of lung; then, returning to his

room, he would take a French novel from its hiding place under his pillow, and, lighting a fragrant Havana, would devote the morning to "the improvement of his mind," as he called it.

Mrs. Rogers employed three servants besides a coachman: a cook, a housemaid, and a tablemaid. The latter was a young and attractive-looking girl from Glengarry, Ontario, named Ellen MacNee, who was about seventeen years old, and had never before been in service. For this damsel Jack Rogers conceived an attachment, and although at first the girl withstood his attentions, ere long she gave way to his importunities, and for months they lived on terms of the closest intimacy. Jack of course promised (as all men do) to marry her, and to do him justice I must say that he fully intended to do so, but his income as a bank clerk was only twenty dollars a month, and he knew he had no hope of receiving any assistance from his father. So things went on till Ellen felt she could keep her secret no longer from those around her, and she told her mistress she was going home to visit a sick aunt, and did not know whether she would return or not. Mrs. Rogers was very sorry indeed to part with her (for she had ingratiated herself with all the family, although not to the same extent), and told her if she would undertake to return she would only fill her place temporarily with another girl. With this understanding Ellen left her place and entered the Female Home, where shortly afterwards her baby (a girl)

was born ; she had the child baptized almost immediately, calling it Beatrice, after her young mistress, to whom she had been much attached, although it is doubtful if the young lady in question would, had she known it, have appreciated the honor conferred upon her.

Ellen was scarcely recovered from her illness when her brother, a country farmer, who had by some means got wind of the state of affairs, came to Montreal, and had his misgivings confirmed. When he learnt the truth he was furious, and would, he vowed, shoot both her and her betrayer; but fraternal affection was so strong within him that he gradually became more calm, and exerted himself to make the best he could of a bad business. He requested me to take the child and place it in a nunnery in spite of the earnest protestations of its mother, and persuaded the latter to return to her home in Glengarry, promising to hide her shame from her mother and friends if she would bid farewell forever to the child and her betrayer. He persistently refused even to look at the baby, but, rough and uncultivated as he was, I could see a tear glisten in his eye as his manly heart quivered with emotion.

Home the poor broken-hearted girl went, and the baby was left in my keeping till the morrow, when, according to agreement, I was to hand it over to the good sisters. It was destined to be otherwise, however. That evening a gentleman called at my house ; he was a bachelor, well to do in the world, and hearing the story, which it was

necessary to tell him, in order to explain the child's presence, he asked me with pardonable curiosity to let him see the baby. When he took her in his arms she smiled so sweetly upon him, and crowed so joyously, that his heart was touched, and he could not bear to think that the poor helpless babe should be made to suffer for the sins of its parents; he asked me to let *him* have the child, promising that he would adopt her, and do for her as if she were his own.

I suggested to him the scandal such a measure would give rise to, and urged him not to place himself in such an unenviable position, but he insisted that he was willing to let society have its fling, and that if I would consent to the child's adoption, he would take the responsibility attached to it.

What was I to do? The man was well off, and had conceived a fancy for the child. As for the world's sneers, if he could afford to laugh at them why should I refuse him the gratification of performing a noble action? I handed the child over to his care, having first procured from him written papers of adoption, and little Beatrice was installed in her new home. A nurse was procured for her, and everything that money could procure was provided for her comfort. The gossips sneered and wagged their heads as they spoke of the "adopted" child, insinuating that there were stronger ties than those of mere philanthropy to bind Mr. Richards and the child together, but he, quite uncon-

cerned, paid no attention to their hints and inuendoes, and tried so far as lay in his power to make the child comfortable and happy. When she attained the age of five years he procured a governess for her, and had her instructed thoroughly in all that go to make up a modern education as she grew older.

But a cloud soon appeared on the horizon of the child's career. Mr. Richards became ill, and was ordered by his medical adviser to a Southerly climate. He was obliged to sell his estate and place little Beatrice in Mrs. Thompson's boarding school, where she continued for a few years till the return of her adopted father. He came, it is true, but the seeds of a fatal disease had been implanted in his system, and had taken a deadly hold; in a few months he was no more, and as nearly all his money had been eaten up in paying travelling and medical expenses, poor Beatrice was left once more not only without a friend but without a penny in the world. Mr. Richards had paid her school fees annually in advance, and as at the time of his demise several months of the term paid for were unexpired, Beatrice had a comfortable home secured for her at least during that period; for the future she would either have to perform menial services at the school, or go out in the cold world without a friend or protector. The former was considered by the poor girl preferable to going she knew not where, and so she accepted the offer of a situation as housemaid, kindly proffered to her by Mrs. Thompson *out of pure*

charity at two dollars per month less than the previous occupant of the situation.

Poor Beatrice had a hard time of it as housemaid. Her former companions took a fiendish delight in ordering her about till her life became perfectly unbearable. She had but one friend to whom she could unreservedly pour forth her troubles, her Sunday-School teacher, Miss Flint. To this lady she gave an account of her history, so far as she was able, and asked her for advice and assistance. Miss Flint, being both sensible and charitably disposed, advised her leave her present position, having first procured a suitable one elsewhere, and she promised to exert herself to this end.

Among the numerous acquaintances of Miss Flint was Mrs. De Beaumont, a Southern lady of means, whose husband held a high official position in New Orleans. Mrs. De Beaumont had, in order to avoid the yellow fever epidemic, taken up her residence temporarily in Montreal, and was now with her two daughters about to return to her Southern home. The education of the latter young ladies had been somewhat neglected, and Mrs. De Beaumont was anxious to procure as governess and travelling companion a young lady of moderate means and unlimited ability.

Here, then, was an opening for Beatrice. On the recommendation of Miss Flint, coupled with certificates from the various professors at Mrs. Thompson's school, the poor girl

was duly installed in an easy and, to her, lucrative position. She was not long settled in her new home when Mr. Hartley, brother of Mrs. De Beaumont, fell violently in love with her, and, contrary to the wishes of his relations, insisted on paying her open attention. The poor girl had been so long accustomed to being buffeted and slighted in every way that her heart fairly gave way before his passionate wooing, and, although Mrs. De Beaumont frowned on her angrily, and the rest of the family snubbed her grievously, yet Beatrice felt so happy in having some one in whom she could confide that she bore all their petty annoyances with the utmost forbearance, and refused steadily to take the slightest notice of them.

Mr. Hartley was a planter of considerable wealth. He had long lived a bachelor's life; so long, indeed, that his friends never thought he would marry, and each one often unconsciously counted how much of the property would eventually become his. Mrs. De Beaumont was particularly displeased when she heard his open avowal of his attachment for her governess, for, though Hartley was not an old man, he being at that time only about forty-six years old, yet she had hoped that her daughter would have inherited a portion of his vast wealth, which was now about to be transferred to a stranger, without friends, fortune or name. In spite of this secret antipathy to the match, Mrs. De Beaumont openly pretended the greatest friendship for Beatrice, for, being a woman of the world, she saw clearly

how matters would stand in a few years, and she could not afford to break either with her brother or his intended wife.

The wedding came off with all the aristocratic splendor of an F. F. V. ceremonial. The dusky coachmen and footmen were resplendent with gorgeous liveries and wedding favors, their white teeth glistening in the sun as they grinned from ear to ear, perfectly happy and contented. After the ceremony the newly-married pair went for a brief tour through the Eastern States and Canada, returning to Mr. Hartley's plantation, where Mrs. Hartley was called upon by all the leading families in the vicinity, and took her place with as much grace as though she had been "to the manner born." Mrs. De Beaumont greeted her sister-in-law affectionately (at least to all outward appearances), and invited her to visit her old home frequently ; in fact all those who were aware (and who was not) that Mr. Hartley had settled every penny of his fortune on his wife and her prospective offspring were lavish of their attentions to their beautiful, and now immensely wealthy, neighbor.

When her first baby, a little girl, was born, Mrs. Hartley wept bitterly and refused (like Rachel) to be comforted. Her husband could not understand it at all, and was greatly grieved that she should be so down-hearted when they had both every reason to be happy. Beatrice besought him to forgive her weakness, and explained that it was only now

that she was a mother that she fully realized the anguish her own mother must have suffered at parting with her, and she implored him as he loved her to exert himself to find her mother and make her happy. Had his wife told him to lie down whilst she drove a carriage-wheel across his neck, Mr. Hartley would have unhesitatingly obeyed her; how readily, then, he set about finding what most men are so glad to be without, viz., a mother-in-law, can easily be imagined. He promised his wife that so soon as business permitted him he would take steps to discover her mother's whereabouts, but that night he was awakened out of a deep sleep by cries of terror from his wife ; she had had a dream, she said, that her mother hung over a precipice, looking up to her for help, which, while she hastened to give, she saw her mother sink into the yawning abyss, uttering shrieks of agony. Hartley was beside himself with fright; he thought his wife would lose her reason, and so he quieted her by assuring her that he would write the next day to get information, acting on which he would set out immediately on his search. In the morning he despatched a letter to Mr. F.——in Montreal, instructing him to obtain what information he could respecting a girl called Ellen MacNee who had lived in former years with Mrs. Rogers ; in reply he was informed that the girl left the city, no trace being procurable. He then inserted advertisements in several Canadian newspapers informing the public that if Ellen MacNee would corres-

pond with X. Y. Z. she would hear of something to her advantage. But in vain did the fond husband seek the mother of his blue-eyed darling, now grown pale with deferred hope and anxious care, and when the latter proposed that they should personally go to Montreal in search of their missing relative he readily acquiesced, feeling assured that, even if they were unsuccessful, the excitement of travel and occupation would restore the bloom to his wife's cheeks and preserve that health which was now apparently on the wane.

In a few days they had made preparations for an extended tour, and ere a week had passed they were snugly quartered in the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. The day after their arrival they called on me to know if I could assist them in their search, bidding me spare no expense in order to effect the desired object. I promised them every assistance in my power, and at once placed myself in communication with all those whom I had known to have any dealings with Beatrice's unfortunate mother. It was truly painful to see the anxious face of the young woman as she came daily to me to enquire if I had heard any news, and when I showed her a letter from Mr. MacNee, her mother's eldest brother, stating that his sister had gone to New York as nurse, she immediately persuaded her husband to give chase. Their efforts were in vain, however. The girl, it was true, had taken service in New York, but had subsequently left there for her home in Glengarry, and

had never been seen since either there or in New York. Detectives having again been employed to assist in tracing her movements, it was discovered that she had returned by rail to Montreal *en route* to Glengarry, but here all traces vanished, and the supposition was either that she had committed suicide, or met with some accidental death. Beatrice would have it, however, that she was still alive, and would leave no stone unturned to find her. It was suggested that New York should again be visited, as the probability was that she returned there after her trip to Montreal; various other plans were thought of, and some of them, doubtless, would have been acted upon, had not a new light shone in upon the scene.

At the outset of the proceedings I had communicated with the principals of the various Houses of Refuge in this city, and, although the authorities had done their utmost to facilitate our search, so far we had failed to advance in any way. At this time, however, I received a communication from the Bishop, informing me that he thought he could help us, and when I called on him, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, he told us that he had been visited by a hardened creature, whose name did not concern us, and who, in anticipation of a reward which she had heard was offered for the recovery of the recluse, disclosed the fact that she had, under an assumed name, become a sister of charity, and was at present an inmate in a convent in —— street, where we would, doubtless, be able to recognize her.

Beatrice became quite excited at the news, and insisted on rushing off at once, but her strength failed her, and she fell fainting on a sofa. By great persuasion she allowed us to drive her home on the promise that she would be allowed to accompany us on the morrow. The next day we entered a carriage and drove to the Convent; we agreed that Beatrice should go alone to meet her mother while we remained downstairs. Running into the room where her mother was, the poor girl fell on her neck and covered her with kisses. But no responsive greeting met the impetuous child, the woman stared at her with a wild hazy stare as if to inquire, Who are you? What do you mean by these extravagant caresses?

But if she failed to recognize her child she did not fail to recognize me, and by some strange association of ideas she seemed to wander in thought back to her past life, and the hot blood mounted to her temples. When she became calmer I explained to her how we had come there, and the object of our visit. She was touched at the proofs of her daughter's affection, and the hot tears rolled rapidly down her furrowed cheek, but she steadily refused to leave the institution. In vain the poor girl pleaded, and Mr. Hartley and myself joined in our entreaties that she would accompany her daughter and her husband. Finding all our arguments of no avail I advised Mr. Hartley to let the poor creature have her way till the reality of the situation had come home to her, recommending him to allow his wife to

call frequently at the Convent to see her mother. This advice the indulgent husband acted upon, and day after day Beatrice would go and sit for hours conversing with her parent, sometimes obtaining permission to take her for a walk or a drive, and secretly longing, though never expressing it in words, that her mother would accompany her back to her home in the South.

So far the excitement had kept Mrs. Hartley up, but after a time a reaction set in which culminated in a wasting fever, and prostrated the poor creature on a bed of sickness. This, though apparently disastrous, ended happily for all. Beatrice's mother, so long as *she* was the object of pity, shrank from all communication with her rich relatives, but now that her child was in need of assistance, she flew to her with a mother's impetuosity, and anxiously watched by her couch day and night, while the poor thing tossed and raved in delirious paroxysms. Mr. Hartley summoned Dr. Hickson to his wife's bedside, but that astute practitioner wisely foretold that the magnetic influence of her mother's presence would do more for his patient than any drugs or medicines, and, accordingly, he contented himself by prescribing a sleeping-draught, leaving other agencies to do their work.

In a couple of weeks Mrs. Hartley rallied, and ere long she became convalescent, and even cheerful. She used to chat with her mother for hours together, and the fourth week after the latter's arrival she was able to go out for a

drive accompanied by her and the baby, who had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Hartley in all their travels. The little girl and her grandmother soon became great friends, and when, Beatrice being strong enough, her mother would have returned to her convent life, the baby's smiling face did what all persuasion had failed to do, and bursting into tears, the aged penitent folded the darling to her breast and declared that she would never part from it again. Beatrice's joy knew no bounds; and as for Mr. Hartley, he was perfectly satisfied to know that his wife was happy. In a few days they made preparations for a journey to the South, and ere long Mrs. Hartley had the satisfaction of seeing her mother snugly ensconced at her own fireside, living as it were over again, and enjoying in the care of her daughter's child, the maternal pleasure which had hitherto been denied her. Ere leaving Montreal Mr. Hartley, at his wife's request, erected a handsome monument in Mount Royal Cemetery to the memory of the humane man, who, regardless of the jeers and scoffing of gossiping scandal mongers, had braved public opinion, and saved to the world a good wife, an affectionate daughter and a loving and tender-hearted mother.

During all this time, it may be asked, what had become of Jack Rogers, one of the principals in my narrative?

Jack was fairly wild at the thought of his sweetheart going into an institution. He would have married her on the spot and braved all his father's anger. But the girl

showed equal self-denial, and was much more sensible; she saw that, by consenting to marry a penniless gentleman, she would certainly injure him, without in any way benefiting herself. She knew his father sufficiently well to feel sure that, were he aware of his son's relations with her, not one but *both of them* would be ignominiously turned out of doors. So, consoling her paramour with this questionable bit of comfort, she tore herself away, saying coolly that he would soon forget and marry some one in his own station in life. But, though she nerved herself to speak in this strain before him, when alone she broke down entirely, and sobbed till her heart nearly broke, for the poor girl loved him dearly, and, poor though he was, would have married him and worked for him, if necessary. She saw, however, that his prospects would be utterly blasted were he to disclose his position to his father; and she unselfishly took on herself *the whole* of the punishment for a a sin of which she was scarcely guilty, or, at any rate, less highly culpable than he.

Jack would fain have put a pistol ball through his head, and doubtless would have done so had the pistol been handy; but his pistols, like everything else he possessed, were out of order, and were at the moment in Mr. Costen's hands, where they lay in a disintegrated condition till the young gentleman's blood had got some degrees cooler. Still, he could not help thinking how his folly and thoughtlessness had ruined the hopes of a poor innocent

girl, and he longed for some opportunity for going abroad, or participating in some excitement to enable him to muse less moodily on the past.

The American civil war was at this time in full blast, and large bounties were offered for volunteers. An American agent, meeting Jack Rogers in a saloon, which the latter frequented, offered him two hundred dollars and an outfit if he would go as a substitute for a young gentleman in New York. This offer Jack readily accepted, and within a short time found himself *en route* to Richmond to join the Federal Army. He was not long in the service when his superior intelligence and daring exploits made him conspicuous among his fellows, and he was promoted from one grade to another till he was placed in command of his company. This was a position Jack was eminently fitted for, and his reckless bravery was talked of far and wide throughout the army.

For a long time, in spite of his foolhardiness, Jack remained without a scratch, save a slight wound from a rifle ball at Gettysburg, where he made himself particularly conspicuous. Just before the close of the great struggle, however, he was sent in command of a foraging party consisting of about forty-five rank and file and the usual complement of officers. Their path lay through a deed ravine in which high wooded cliffs looked down on each side. These cliffs were in possession of a Louisiana regiment, who were stationed there in the hope of cutting off

supplies from the Northerners, and, just as Captain Rogers with his handful of men, entered the ravine a murderous fire was opened on them from both sides. Rogers ordered his men to reply, but, as the ravine afforded little or no cover, they were finally obliged to make their way as quickly as possible to the end of the pass and fight their way through. They found their way completely blocked by a force of two or three hundred rebels, but, as to return would have proved equally disastrous, there was nothing for it but to surrender, or cut a path for themselves through the enemy. Bracing themselves for a terrible struggle, Rogers and his little band advanced to within a few yards of the open, where their foes, with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed, stood demanding their surrender. Captain Jack ordered his men to fire at a given signal, and then to advance; and, firing his own pistols by way of signal, he dashed through the smoke, followed by his daring band, cutting and slashing right and left.

But courage will not enable men to do impossibilities. Out of the handful who entered the ravine but three managed to cut their way through the opposing forces, and these were all more or less injured by rifle balls or sabre cuts. Poor Rogers fought like a lion; but, being the centre of attraction on account of his uniform, he had his hands more than full, and though he pistoled two men and knocked an officer who would have seized him senseless with the butt-end of his empty revolver, he was finally

brought off his horse with a pistol shot, and captured, more dead than alive, by the enemy.

The officer in charge was so struck with the bravery of the poor fellow that he had endeavored to take him prisoner, and had stayed some of his men who had essayed to run the fiery captain through with their bayonets ; his impetuous charge, however, led them in self defence to disable him, and the young lieutenant who shot him had no alternative except to be brained by a blow from Jack's pistol. The excitement over, however, the colonel of the victorious corps sent a detachment in search of the wounded of both sides, and ordered a litter to be prepared for Captain Rogers' removal to his own quarters. Poor Jack was severely injured. The ball had entered his left arm close to the shoulder, and was not necessarily fatal ; but his horse had fallen on him and bruised him so that he could scarcely breathe. The march to the camp was about two miles, and, although the men moved as gently as possible, yet Captain Rogers suffered agony as he felt every motion. Arrived at Colonel De Beaumont's quarters (for the brave commander was the husband of Mrs. De Beaumont) a surgeon was sent for and the invalid's wounds were attended to. Although a prisoner of war Captain Rogers' received every attention from Colonel De Beaumont and the officers under his command, and when, the regiment being ordered to head-quarters, the Colonel was obliged to send Rogers to prison with the rest of his captured force,

the parting was more like that of two brothers than that of a victor and his fallen foe.

After the close of the war, which event took place shortly after these occurrences, Colonel De Beaumont, disgusted and sick at heart, returned to New Orleans. He was obliged to bow to fortune, and to swear allegiance once more to what he considered the oppressor. Almost his first thought after his return was to enquire concerning the Federal troops who had been captured by his men, especially the gallant Rogers, for whom he had formed a more than passing attachment. He learned that of those who had been placed in confinement, some had died of their wounds, others, as soon as the proclamation of Northern supremacy gave them their liberty, had returned to their homes, but that the Captain, having contracted a dangerous fever, had been unable to accompany them. De Beaumont lost no time in seeking out the poor soldier's quarters, and was grieved to find him barely alive, he having scarcely recovered from the fever, besides suffering from partially healed and badly-dressed wounds. The Colonel persuaded him, so soon as he could move, to accompany him to his own house, where he would receive proper attention, and, in a short time, the sufferer was installed in De Beaumont's comfortable house, the kind hostess doing all in her power to alleviate his sufferings.

It was about this time that Mrs. Hartley, accompanied by her mother, had returned to her husband's residence,

and one day as she was visiting Mrs. De Beaumont she learnt the story concerning the wounded officer, who, though in the service of the North, was compassionately treated by the whole household, having made friends of them all by his cheerful uncomplaining disposition, and his grateful acknowledgment of even the slightest service. Whils recounting the story to her husband and mother at dinner, the latter grasped the table convulsively with both her hands, and breathlessly demanded of her daughter all the particulars ; with a wild exclamation of terror, she rushed up to her room, hastily followed by her bewildered daughter. The latter found her mother in the act of dressing hurriedly, and on enquiring for an explanation the poor woman fell on her child's neck, and with bitter tears explained that it was *her own father* who lay so near them at death's door, and that, whatever it might cost, she would rush to his side.

Poor Mrs. Hartley was sadly shaken at these tidings. She explained all the circumstances to her devoted husband, and took his advice. Hartley recommended his wife to let her mother have her own way, and promised that presently he would accompany his wife to De Beaumont's house to visit the invalid.

The rest of the story is soon told. The sad meeting of poor Rogers with the mother of his child, who stayed by his side night and day ; the bitter tears of Mrs. Hartley as she beheld her father for the first and last time ; the

mutual expressions of love and forgiveness ere the poor invalid breathed his last, beloved and forgiven by those on whom he had thoughtlessly entailed much sorrow and suffering.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mother-in-Law.

JOHN WILKIE was the son of Scotch parents residing in Toronto, Ontario. He was possessed of considerable literary ability, and when a lad had entered Toronto University with the intention of pursuing a professional career; but his father shrewdly reasoned that, although fame might be acquired more readily by clergymen and lawyers, money was an important consideration, and might be acquired with comparative ease in a well managed business. He accordingly placed his son in the wholesale house of Messrs. Campbell & Castle, and in due course of time the lad secured an interest in the business.

The young man was not long a member of the firm when he became enamoured of a young lady named Collins, whom he had met at the house of a mutual friend. For a long time he paid attention to this young lady, taking her to balls, concerts and operas, and finally he proposed for her hand and was accepted.

Miss Collins was scarcely what one would call a beautiful girl, yet there was an attractiveness of manner peculiar to her which caused her to be much sought after and admired in social circles, and many were the sad and heavy

hearts among the young gentlemen of her acquaintance when it became known that she was about to marry John Wilkie.

At this juncture Wilkie the elder was carried off with an attack of pneumonia, leaving John, his only son, heir to his house and property. This occurrence of course caused the wedding to be deferred for a time, and the bridegroom elect went into deep mourning; in a few months, however, he doffed his sable garments, and, having caused the family mansion to be refurnished and renovated, began to make preparations for his wedding.

The affair came off with great *éclat*, the bride being driven home from church behind four dapple-grey horses, several carriages following with bridesmaids, groomsmen, and invited guests, among the latter being many rejected suitors, who took a kind of melancholy pleasure in seeing the matter through. Mrs. Wilkie was in excellent spirits, as was also the dowager, her mother-in-law, and after the *déjeuner* they wept together and kissed each other at parting as if they were blood relations. Mrs. Collins was not so much affected; she was so much entranced at the rich prize she had secured for her daughter that grief was altogether out of the question.

What a sweet time is that when two loving hearts, throwing commercial and domestic cares to the winds, devote themselves to the agreeable pursuit of entertaining each other. Shutting their eyes and ears to the outer world

they fancy that the sun, moon and stars shine for them, alone; that nature's smiles are specially prepared for them; that the birds carol bridal chansonettes only for their benefit; and that the whole world is contained in the small area which immediately surrounds them.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie had a long, pleasant honeymoon. They spent a couple of weeks at Niagara Falls; then, having visited Boston and New York, they spent a few weeks at Saratoga, returning to Toronto about six weeks from their wedding-day. Everything had been prepared for their reception, and Mrs. Wilkie, senior, sat in state to welcome them to a cosy meal which had been prepared in the dining-room. Having eaten sparingly, Mrs. Wilkie retired to her room, for she was fatigued by travel, and John with his mother went on a tour of inspection over the house.

It must be hard for a mother to give up the care of her son to a stranger; to think that he whom she has nursed so tenderly, and whose every want was so long supplied by her gentle hand should be left to the care of another must be fraught with pain and bitter recollections. Mrs. Wilkie sighed deeply as she showed her son the many improvements which had been made in the old house, and thought that her reign was at an end and that a new Cæsar had taken the reins of government. The Lord of the Manor failed to observe the trepidation with which his mother handed him the keys, and showed him the various details connected with the management of the house, and with a

cool "good night, mother," he retired to rest, at peace with his mother, himself, and the world.

For several months things went smoothly enough with the parties to my narrative. The dowager accepted her position, though, it must be confessed, with a bad grace, and the new mistress gave a life to the place to which it was unaccustomed. At length Mrs. Wilkie gave birth to a son, and great were the rejoicing and festivities. The dowager was promoted to the title of grandmamma, John boasted the proud title of father, and the mother's joy knew no bounds. The child was in due time christened with appropriate solemnity, and in a few months after his birth he became a very important member of the Wilkie family.

Mr. Wilkie wanted the boy called William after his late father, but Mrs. Wilkie would not have what she was pleased to term a plebeian designation, and insisted on calling him Alexander. The dowager opposed this with all her might, but "her usefulness was gone," and her feeble remonstrances were of little or no avail. This slight sank deep into her heart, and she waited, calmly and patiently, for an opportunity of retaliating on her daughter-in-law.

In due time the opportunity presented itself. Mrs. Wilkie was in the habit of going to the skating-rink accompanied by some of her fashionable acquaintances; her husband did not care for skating, but was proud to hear his wife's graceful performances eulogized. The dowager, however, had no heart for "the grape-vine" and other foolish

devices; she thought it high time for her daughter-in-law to take on herself the serious duties of matrimonial life, and deprecated the fondness of the lady in question for rinks, balls, and festivities.

One night Mrs. Wilkie was invited to a skating-party. Her husband, having some letters to write, declined to go, and she went in company with a Mr. Smithers, an old acquaintance of hers, and one of the finest fancy skaters in Toronto. During her daughter-in-law's absence at the rink, Mrs. Wilkie the elder took upon herself to lecture her son on his wife's giddy behaviour, and so worked upon his feelings that he regularly gave way, and allowed his mother to remain mistress of the position.

When the fashionable Mrs. Wilkie returned to her abode late in the evening she found the door closed on her, repeated pulls at the door-bell eliciting no response. With her skates the lady then hammered violently on the door, waking the echoes of the quiet street, and finally, in her frenzy, she smashed every window within reach, and departed to her mother's residence.

Mrs. Collins was very much surprised to receive a visit from her daughter at such an unseasonable hour, and when she was made aware of the cause she became proportionately indignant. She suggested the propriety of taking legal proceedings for the restitution of her daughter's rights, but the latter would not listen to any such suggestion, and vowed she would never live with Wilkie or his wretch of a mother again.

Mrs. Collins expected daily to receive a message from Mr. Wilkie, requesting his wife to return to him, but he, being completely under the influence of his mother, failed to do anything of the kind, imagining that his wife would come as a suppliant to him. In this he reckoned without his host, for Mrs. Wilkie was as proud as Lucifer, and would not bend her haughty head to be made Empress of Canada. One thing, however, caused her great uneasiness : her child, Alexander, was all the world to her, and she set her wits to work to devise some means of obtaining him.

Without recourse to unpleasant legal proceedings or equally unpleasant negotiations with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Wilkie could not hit on any plan by which she could obtain the control of her child's nurture and education. At length she resolved on the simple and practical plan of taking forcible possession of the boy. Once resolved, she speedily put her plans in execution.

The child's nurse was in the habit of driving him in a baby carriage to the Queen's Park for an airing, and one afternoon the mother lay in wait for the appearance of the infantile equipage. She was afraid to approach the servant with a bribe, as, in the event of her refusal, the Wilkies would be placed on their guard, and would set a strict watch over all the child's movements. She accordingly sat down at a distance, closely veiled, and waited till an opportunity presented itself.

She did not have long to wait. The nurse on entering the park fell in with a tribe of professional acquaintances, one of whom, drawing a love-letter which she had received from her pocket, commenced to read it for the edification of her companions. Not content with listening to the gushing effusion, the auditors crowded around the proud recipient of the epistle, reading with eager eyes such portions as they could see over the shoulder of their friend. While the representative of the dowager was busily engaged in scanning the amorous lines penned by the love-sick swain (the child left to her care being at some distance in his carriage, sleeping under the shade of some trees), Mrs. Wilkie cautiously approached, and, lifting the unconscious child with the tenderness peculiar to mothers, walked quietly and swiftly away towards the gate, when, coolly hailing a passing cab, she drove to her mother's house, proudly depositing her baby in a richly adorned cradle which had been purposely prepared for his reception.

It was a long time before the nurse missed the boy; in fact, not till she prepared to start for home did she give him a thought, except to congratulate herself that he slept so long and gave her so little trouble. When she at length turned towards the place where she had left the carriage and learned the true state of affairs her face grew deadly pale, and, beckoning her companions towards her, she pointed to the carriage and uttered several piercing shrieks. Many were the suggestions as to what had become of the

boy. Some thought he might have got out of the carriage alone and fallen into the pond, but, as he could not yet walk, this was highly improbable; another suggested that he had been stolen by gipsies, but could not say that she had ever heard of gipsies in connection with the Queen's Park. Many other theories, some wild, a few reasonable, were advanced, but yet no clue to the whereabouts of the child could be discovered, nor could any light be thrown upon the mystery.

The poor nurse was in a terrible state of mind. She had in her fancy a picture of the baby's grandmother threatening to tear her limb from limb, while the frantic father went for the police; but return she must, and so, with a different step from that with which she entered the park, she set out for home, arriving there just as the bell rang for dinner.

The old lady was just commencing to lecture her for keeping the child out in the evening air, when she saw, from the expression of the girl's face, that something unusual had occurred, and rushing out, she threw up her hands in astonishment at the empty perambulator, giving a mute look of inquiry which spoke volumes. In a moment Mr. Wilkie joined the throng, just as the frightened domestic sobbed out, as well as she could, an account of the child's disappearance. He was about to rush at once to the police office, but the old lady, shoving him aside, hastily put on her bonnet and shawl, and, ordering the girl to summon a

cab, peremptorily forbade Mr. Wilkie to leave the house till she had made a reconnaisance of the quarters of her daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Collins lived at the extreme west end of King street, and, as Mr. Wilkie's residence was in the North-East, in the neighborhood of the Horticultural Garden, it was some time before the wily mother-in-law approached her base of operations; she accordingly leaned back in the carriage, and, closing her eyes, meditated on her plan of action. Bidding the coachman pull up at the corner of Brock street, she alighted, and proceeded on foot towards the house: it was a semi-detached cottage, with a small garden in front, the dwelling being only a few feet from the street. Inside all was, apparently, quiet as usual, but Mrs. Wilkie thought she heard a soft, measured song, as if some one were singing a child to sleep. Approaching the window she caught a glimpse of her daughter-in-law pacing the room to and fro with the child pillowed in her arms; so, quickly receding into the darkness, she made her way back to the carriage, satisfied that her calculations, in one particular at least, had been correct.

Entering the cab, she bade the driver return with all speed to Mr. Wilkie's house, setting her mind, during her transit on the frustration of the hopes of her daughter-in-law, against whom she in her heart registered a vow of vengeance. She found her son pacing the dining-room like a madman, and she at once gave him all the particulars

concerning her reconnaisance, adding, at the same time, that he must take legal measures to obtain possession of his child, no matter what the cost. In spite, however, of his mother's importunity, Wilkie steadily refused to give the matter publicity by taking legal proceedings, so the old lady was obliged to content herself with concocting plans for retaking the child from the hands of the enemy.

Mrs. Wilkie watched long for an opportunity, and at last she was successful. She found out where her daughter-in-law went to church, and one Sunday having learnt from one of her emissaries that both of the ladies had gone to church together, leaving the child in charge of the maid-of-all-work, she hurriedly set out for the house, and boldly ringing the door-bell inquired for Mrs. Wilkie. On being told that the lady was at church and would not return for some time she requested permission to sit down and wait, as she was fatigued with her long journey. Entering the drawing-room, she sank on one of the lounges and appeared to faint. The poor domestic did not know what to do, but ran wildly to and fro exclaiming, "Och, wirrasthru, what'll I do at all at all!" The invalid gradually came round, and gasped out, "Dr. Metcalfe, go for Dr. Metcalfe!" This gentleman lived a few blocks distant, and the girl at once rushed off, without waiting even to put her bonnet on.

Quick as thought Mrs. Wilkie ascended the staircase to where her infant grand-child lay wrapped in slumber: hastily wrapping him in a shawl she descended to the door,

and coolly hailing a passing cab was soon far from the scene which had so wrought upon the feelings of poor Bridget Moriarty.

When Bridget arrived with the doctor she found that the old lady had disappeared leaving, however, a card for Mrs. Wilkie. On the latter's return Bridget told her the whole story, adding that she supposed the old lady had come to herself and got tired waiting; in time, however, the baby was missed, and that threw a new light on affairs. Mrs. Wilkie was frantic; she denounced Bridget as a good-for-nothing, refused to sit down to dinner, and set off with her mother in the direction of Mrs. Wilkie's house.

This time, however, the dowager was on her guard. The child was carefully looked after, being under the care of a faithful ally of the old lady, whose instructions were never to leave him for a moment out of her sight. Mrs. Wilkie and her mother might walk up and down and look at the lighted windows; they might also watch at a distance the youthful hope of the house of Wilkie as he took his daily airing in the park, but the trick once tried could not be repeated, and the fond mother (for whatever her faults were she loved her child) was obliged to pine in weary loneliness.

During all these sieges and reprisals the little fellow waxed strong and healthy, in sublime unconsciousness of the importance attached to the possession of his person; he was by no means neglected, the only risk he ran was that

of being hugged to death, as each party, more through joy at the success of its schemes than from love of the youth in question, caressed him lavishly if not fondly.

Some months after these occurrences Mr. Wilkie removed to Montreal, where he soon became permanently established, and, as he was always fond of politics, he was in a short time recognised as one of the leaders of the liberal party. When the reaction consequent on the famous "Pacific Scandal" set in, Mr. Wilkie, M.P., took his seat for K——, a small town below Montreal, rising in Parliament, as he did everywhere else by his ability, far above the common level. His son was placed at the Montreal High school, and gave promise of becoming in time even more distinguished than his father.

They had not been long resident in Montreal before the poor old dowager was seized with acute rheumatism, to which she finally succumbed, and Mr. Wilkie was obliged to engage a housekeeper to look after his household affairs and his son's education. It was a sad time for poor little Aleck; his grandmother fairly doted on him, and indulged his every whim, but Mrs. Riddell, the new housekeeper, cared not whether he was happy or miserable so long as she drew her monthly pay.

All this time Mrs. Wilkie had been living with her mother in Toronto, and, as soon as she heard of her mother-in-law's death, she persuaded her mother to remove to Montreal, so that she might secretly keep watch over her

boy, whom she now loved, if possible, more than ever. Assuming the name of Mrs. Johnson, she took lodgings in a house nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Wilkie, and thus was enabled to observe closely all the proceedings of his household; she longed to throw herself at her husband's feet and implore his forgiveness, but her proud spirit rebelled against such an act, and she sat at her window day after day in moody silence watching her darling boy going and returning from school.

Shortly after his wife's arrival in Montreal, Mr. Wilkie was summoned to England on business of importance, a fact with which Mrs. Wilkie became easily acquainted through the *Gazette*, which heralded all his movements; the fond mother now became more anxious than ever about her boy, and indeed not without reason, for, being monarch of all she surveyed, the easy-going housekeeper laid herself out for "a good time," and, although in her way she was kind enough to the child, she left him to take care of himself as well as he could, being content if she prepared a bed for him to sleep in, and ordered his three meals a day with unfailing regularity. The house Mr. Wilkie lived in was situated in one of the newest and most fashionable localities, having what are generally designated "modern improvements," and one of these latter so improved the internal arrangements of Master Aleck, that he was soon confined to bed with enteric fever. Mrs. Johnson, missing the boy from the street, called to enquire after him, and had her

fears confirmed by the housekeeper, who said she did not know what to do for his father was away, and she had never in her life nursed a fevered patient. The wily mother seized the opportunity with avidity, and with unblushing effrontery perpetrated the atrocious falsehood that she was a professional nurse of large experience, and that such an interest did she feel in the little fellow that she would if permitted undertake to nurse him free of charge. Mrs. Riddell was delighted, and at her neighbor's suggestion sent for Dr. Brownie, who had, she said, great experience in such cases. A cablegram was despatched to Mr. Wilkie, and everything that science could devise was done for the poor little sufferer. For many days he seemed to get worse and worse, and his devoted mother was nearly worn out as she sat up night after night wiping his fevered brow, or moistening his parched lips; at length the crisis came, and the doctor pronounced him on the way to recovery, adding that the slightest neglect on the part of those who tended him would permit a relapse, which would in all probability prove fatal. In this case, however, the latter caution was altogether unnecessary; what Mrs. Johnson lacked in experience she more than made up for in care and solicitude, and, as every direction of the physician was carried out to the letter, the little fellow began perceptibly to mend before the telegram came announcing Mr. Wilkie's arrival in Quebec. On the receipt of the missive Mrs. Johnson made preparations for her depar-

ture, saying that her services were now scarcely needed, and that she needed rest; Mrs. Riddell at first tried hard to induce her to remain, but when she looked at the pale thin face, and thought how many weary nights the lady had voluntarily sat up with the raving child, she ceased to urge the request, and at once set out for a mercenary to replace her.

What a difference there is between him who enters on a labor of love and the hireling who works for pay! In this case, then, it may easily be supposed with a mother's ardent affection on the one hand, how different was the cold professional service rendered by the nurse who replaced Mrs. Johnson: although kind and attentive, she had not the same soothing power, nor could she sing the sweet lullaby which so often in his fevered moments had calmed poor little Aleck's soul, and the little fellow became at once very low indeed. At this juncture his father arrived, and when he saw his boy he was completely overcome; he learned from the housekeeper all the particulars of the kind neighbor's attention, and resolved to go personally to her residence and implore her not to desert his boy till he was out of all danger. Waiting only to partake of a morsel of food, he set out for the house indicated by his housekeeper, and inquired for Mrs. Johnson. The girl who opened the door told him that Mrs. Johnson had been out nursing a sick child for several nights, and had just fallen into a deep sleep, the first she had had for days, and urged him to call

round again in the afternoon, when her mistress would probably be able to see him. In the afternoon he returned in great haste, saying that he must see Mrs. Johnson at all hazards, that his boy was worse, and raved incessantly for her. While he was speaking the lady he inquired for suddenly came down stairs, and as their eyes met both uttered an exclamation of surprise. Forgetting everything in her anxiety for her boy's safety the poor mother's face became suffused with tears as she anxiously cried with bated breath, "Is he dead?" "No; thanks be to God and his mother's care he still lives, but you must not let him die now."

The rest of the story is soon told; the pride of both husband and wife was humbled by adversity, and in their heavy affliction each was made to feel what a strength and comfort it was to have a companion who could sympathize not only with the joys but with the sorrows of the other. The boy was several weeks before he was able to leave his room, during which time his mother told him the history of her troubles, and recounted how miserable she felt without him and his father, all of which was of course retailed to the latter gentleman, and effectually healed the breach between the man and his wife. The dowager's name was for obvious reasons never mentioned by either Mr. or Mrs. Wilkie, and as for the youthful hope of the house, his memory was so elastic that he never even thought about the old lady.

Mrs. Riddell was astonished when she became acquainted with the true relations of the nurse and her patient, but, having become quite enamoured of the former (who by-the-by was now become both a discreet and amiable matron), she readily fell into a subordinate position in the household, taking her orders quite gladly, and having a special care for little Aleck. Mrs. Wilkie has now an assortment of boys and girls, Aleck being entered as a law student at McGill University and the others being still at school; she seldom thinks of the past, preferring to look forward to a bright and happy future. Still at times her mind will revert to scenes of yore, and she shudders as she thinks of the bitter experiences she has had, attributing most if not all of them, rightly or wrongly, to her mother-in-law.

CHAPTER XII.

A Deserted Wife, or Model Woman.

ONE hot summer's day I received a visit from a young and beautiful woman attired in fashionable costume. She told me she was desirous of obtaining accommodation for a couple of months as her husband was in England, and the time of her accouchement was at hand. She was the bearer of a letter which ran as follows :—

LONDON, England, August 6, 18—

To whoever is with my
precious wife in her hour of trial.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I cannot refrain, as the husband of the most lovable wife on earth, from expressing my ardent wish and prayer that all may be well, and that you will remind her that I am most tenderly loving and thinking of her, and shall pray hourly for her; but, whatever be the issue, let all be done for her happiness and comfort.

I will part with all I have rather than that she or her infant shall want anything. Oh! how I wish I were near to love and comfort her. If her dear infant is spared, all well, and boy or girl I shall be quite as pleased if my idol be well. *Let all give way* if need be for my precious wife's sake, and on no account let her life be endangered,

even for the sake of the child, if such a crisis should occur, which Heaven forbid.

I can say no more, but I wish I could enclose my hand and heart if I could comfort your patient. Of course I shall be terribly anxious to know that all is well; will you kindly have a postal card ready just to say "all is well" if so it be; never mind more till my poor wife can put her own name to a letter.

God reward you for an act that I know the angels envy you, for your charge is a "friend of Jesus," and my only friend on earth.

Yours in intensity of anxious interest,

P. MERRICK.

My address is

Sunnyhill Avenue,

London, E.

Mrs. Merrick explained to me that her husband was a member of a wealthy English firm doing business in Montreal, and that he was at that time obliged to be in London on business, but would soon return, when she purposed setting up an establishment of her own. Her father and mother (both Scottish Canadians) had been dead many years, and she had been educated in a boarding school in Ottawa where she had first met Mr. Merrick.

Within a few days the lady became an inmate of my house, and in course of time became the mother of a beautiful little boy, news of which was at once despatched to

London. For three weeks Mrs. Merrick waited patiently for a reply, and after that time, receiving none, she became uneasy, and wrote a long letter to her husband, beseeching him to send her an answer immediately; but neither to this letter did she obtain any response, and days became weeks, and the weeks began to spread themselves into months, and yet not a line or even a word could be obtained to indicate the whereabouts of Mr. Merrick, or whether he was alive or dead. At last the terrible truth began to dawn on the poor creature that she had been basely deserted by him who was sworn to be her friend and protector, and she became almost demented; she tried to account for his silence in many ways, but her intellectual acumen was too great, and her reasoning always brought her to the one sad conclusion. However, as nothing better could be done, the spirited creature made up her mind to earn her own living and that of her child, and setting her wits to work, she soon obtained a situation as governess at the house of Mr. Mullaly, a retired merchant of considerable means, whose wife and daughters were desirous of obtaining an entrée into polite society. Placing her boy out to nurse, she set out for her new home, and soon began to feel the blessedness of working for her own living.

But her happiness was not unmixed with pain. The Mullaly girls somehow or another heard that Miss Caldwell (she had given her maiden name) was the mother of a little child; and, although she admitted the fact, and

recounted to them her whole history, they gave no credence to her assertions, but began to treat her with the greatest contempt, making her life miserable. The poor woman would fain have left her situation, but she recollected that it would be difficult to obtain another without referring to Mrs. Mullaly, who would be sure to tell the whole story with several embellishments. On the whole she thought she had better remain where she was for a time, hoping that, as years went by, and the girls acquired more judgment and common-sense, they would treat her with greater fairness. Accordingly she bore all the taunts of the young ladies with great meekness and patience, and made herself so agreeable and useful that, although they never could make up their minds to believe her story, or to treat her as one of the family, the Mullalys came to regard Miss Caldwell as indispensable to their existence, and when Miss Mullaly the elder got married she took Miss Caldwell with her in the capacity of housekeeper, the young sisters no longer requiring her in her capacity as governess, which situation she, however, did not long keep, as the remuneration would not enable her to educate her boy as she desired. He was a fair-haired, bright little fellow, and the most loving little creature on earth. She consulted with me what best could be done to earn a larger salary. I advised her to become a professional nurse : though hard she would think it at first, when once accustomed to its little drudgeries she would find it a noble calling, with God's

blessing attached to it. She consented, and I trained her in my hospital; she became in a very short time one of my most proficient nurses. From that time she had gained the battle, for, as soon as some of our medical men got acquainted with her, they gave her employment at the most serious of their cases, till at last it became very hard for me to procure her for some of my own patients ; and through her abilities, patience, and refined feelings she gained a great many sincere friends. One of her patients, an old lady, left at her death $200 to her kind nurse, and this enabled poor Mrs. Merrick to give her boy that education which she had so long craved for him.

In the meanwhile Willie Merrick was placed at school at Lennoxville, where he evinced great talent. At twelve years of age he was noted as the finest classical scholar in the school, and his mother was induced to place him in training, with a view to his matriculating at the University of Bishop's College. The fond mother lived only for her son, so she placed him under the care of a private tutor, at whose hands he made such progress that at the early age of fifteen he entered the University. Here he showed himself at once to be made of no ordinary metal, and he became quite a favorite with the Principal and professors, all of whom were ever ready to lend him a helping hand. His mother had intended him for the church, but Willie did not (so he said) feel "good enough" for that high and holy calling, so he entered the Faculty of Law, determined, if

possible, to distinguish himself in that profession so soon as he obtained the necessary qualifications for commencing practice. In process of time he obtained his degree, graduating with high honors, and he was not long in establishing a practice equal to that of many older advocates.

Although without any hope of ever taking her place again as Merrick's wife, the poor woman whom he had so basely deserted instituted a thorough search for him in England, and was enabled to discover all his history, and also to gain an insight into his proceedings whilst away from her. It seems that he had married her under an assumed name, his real patronymic being Stephens, and that his people were purse-proud and overbearing. On his arrival in England his father, who had heard of the young man's escapades in Canada, peremptorily ordered him to have no more correspondence with his Canadian wife, but to marry a noble lady whom he had purchased (through money lent to her father) for the ennobling of the Stephens family.

When the deserted woman became assured of the truth of these disclosures she made up her mind to give no more thought to the wretch who had left her in such a predicament, and determined to centre her hopes and her affections in her son, who had by this time become a distinguished lawyer, and was quite as proud of his mother as his mother was of him. He took a house for himself and only parent in the Western suburbs, and they lived in quiet

comfort together, the young man going little into society, except on public occasions, on all of which he was invariably asked to take a prominent part in the proceedings.

When William Merrick had been in practice about two or three years he was entrusted with an important case connected with the endowment of some church in Lower Canada, which was appealed from one court to another, until, finally, it was decided to carry it to the House of Lords. Accordingly the yong advocate made preparations for a trip to England, and, being unwilling to leave his mother alone for such a lengthened period, he decided to take her along with him. They sailed from Quebec one fine Saturday in June, arriving at Liverpool late on the following Saturday night, a strong westerly wind blowing them rapidly across the Atlantic. They stayed but a few days in Liverpool, and then went on to London, putting up temporarily at the Langham, at that time the most fashionable hotel in London. The morning after their arrival the young lawyer, having occasion to go to the Courts on business, Mrs. Merrick was left for a time to her own devices; she occupied a half-hour or so in reading the newspapers, and then made up her mind to go for a stroll before luncheon. Attiring herself rather gaily (she was still remarkably good-looking, only a little over 40 years then) she set out with a sprightly step down the main staircase, humming to herself a lively air which she used to sing in happier days. Just as she was descending the last flight

of stairs, a gentleman having a delicate-looking lady on his arm began to ascend, and on hearing the melody, faint though it was, which the approaching lady, was unconsciously humming, glanced suddenly and swiftly upwards; then, as if a thunderbolt had struck him, he came to a sudden halt, having a dazed expression on his features and uttering a half suppressed oath or imprecation. Mrs. Merrick had not noticed the approaching couple, her thoughts being far away, but the suddenness of the gentleman's movement arrested her attention, and she looked him fully in the face for a moment; then, uttering a wild shriek, she fell backward and would have been probably severely injured, had not a gentleman, who happened to be close behind her, caught her as she fell, and carried her to the landing-place, where restoratives were applied, and the unfortunate woman speedily came to her senses.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the lady and gentleman whose advent so upset Mrs. Merrick were none other than Mr. and Mrs. Stephens who had come up to London for the operatic season and were staying at the Langham Hotel. Taking advantage of the confusion, Stephens hurried his wife along to her room, giving no further answer to her many and wondering enquiries than: "Oh, it's only the heat; don't mix *your*self up with all these people," and, without allowing time for remonstrance or further enquiry, he put a stop to all questioning by hurrying the delicate creature along till he deposited her, breath

less, in an easy chair. Going out into the corridor he tried to discover how matters stood, but the woman he dreaded to meet had been borne to her room and medical attendance had been summoned. This Mr. Stephens learned from a waiter; so, determined to deport himself as if he knew nothing of the cause of the lady's illness, and was as much puzzled at the occurrence as the rest of those who had either witnessed it or come on the scene soon afterwards, he returned to his wife, and, throwing himself into a chair, pretended to read. But his wife, obtuse though she possibly was with regard to the fainting lady, something had struck her about the manner her husband assumed. She could not get over it, and when at the table d'hôte with her husband listened attentively to the conservation of two gentlemen who were sitting vis-à-vis. One enquired after the health of the lady who had taken so suddenly ill on the landing in the morning. The younger of the two gentlemen expressed his gratitude to the other for assisting his mother so kindly, who would have, but for his assistance, fallen down stairs, but was somewhat better now. He said the Doctor had not been able to ascertain the cause of her sudden illness, and, as his mother had always been blessed with such good health, he himself could not account for it. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Stephens had been listeners to the conversation when all of a sudden a curious, gurgling noise was heard, a chair was overturned, and Mr. Stephens was stretched on the floor in a

dying condition, blood streaming from his mouth. There was a great commotion in the dining-room, and it was thought at first he had swallowed a bone and was choking; but the physicians who arrived, three in number, pronounced it a rupture of a blood-vessel, and applied at once the necessary remedies, but gave little hope of his recovery. As soon as his condition permitted a removal, he was carried, by the advice of the doctor, to a private hospital near by, where his delicate wife also preferred to go, and nothing more was heard of the dying stranger, for a while anyhow.

Our young lawyer, Willie Merrick, had been successful in his law affairs, and had arranged a trip to the continent with his mother, when a cablegram was sent to them from Canada, saying : " Don't leave England ; wait for letters ; good news." This was rather annoying to Mr. Merrick, as he had only a few weeks more at his disposal; and he anticipated this trip as so necessary to restore his mother's cheerfulness. Mrs. Merrick was also puzzled as to what could possibly detain them any longer in London. At last the Canadian post arrived, and with it large documents and letters which had been sent from England to Canada and were now returned, informing Mrs. Merrick that a certain W. Merrick Stephens had died, leaving a large fortune, and that half of this estate was bequeathed to Mrs. Merrick in Canada, whose maiden name had been Emma Caldwell, or, in case of her death, to her heirs. Young Mr. Merrick being at this time a well-known young lawyer in Mont-

real it was not hard to find him. Both he and his mother could not imagine who had left them such a fortune. Well did Mrs. Merrick think of the man whom she had loved so dearly and truly and who had pretended to be so fond of her. But, she knew too well that she had been deceived, that he had married her under a false name, and had she not recognised him at the hotel with a lady who was his wife!—She had never told her son the cause of her sudden illness when first at the hotel; and her son had never mentioned the affair of the dying stranger at the dinner-table, thinking his mother still too weak to be disturbed by such shocking calamities. His partner from Montreal wrote: "You had better stay and see about this large fortune at once. Every one is not such a lucky fellow as you." A Mr. Vidal was mentioned as executor of the estate of W. M. Stephens, and our hero prepared at once to call on that gentleman, who received him very friendly, but requested him to call the next day with his mother at the family residence of the deceased, which visit had been particularly desired by the deceased gentleman's widow. Our young gentleman of course promised to comply with the wish, and was very much surprised when, on returning to his mother, he found her hesitating,—but for a moment only, a second thought, and she promised to accompany him, feeling in her heart that, whatever Mrs. Stephens might wish to see her for, she would certainly not blame her for anything, as all the wrong that had been commit-

ted had been committed towards her, but still her heart was heavy when at two o'clock they started in one of those stage coaches of which London has so many. After about two hours' drive they alighted in front of an old-fashioned family mansion, surrounded by well cultivated grounds. The gentleman, Mr. Vidal, on whom young Mr. Merrick had called the day previous, came to the portal to greet them, and begged Mrs. Merrick to have the kindness to see Mrs. Stephens in her own apartments, as she was in delicate health and very much crushed down through the sudden loss of her husband. A maid who had appeared at the time was ordered to direct Mrs. Merrick to the boudoir of her mistress and, announcing the visitor, withdrew. Mrs. Stephens, attired in deep mourning, looked very pale. On seeing Mrs. Merrick enter, she rose from her chair and holding both hands out to greet the astonished lady, said: "Oh, you wronged, wronged woman," but then tears smothered her words, and it was quite a while before she could speak again. "How can I atone for the wrongs committed on you, but I promised him. His last request was that I would see you and beg your forgiveness for him. He had recognised you at once at the hotel, and he felt his conscience troubling him very much. But the sight of your son—his son—was too much for him. He felt he could not live to meet the son he had so wronged and the woman he had so loved and so betrayed. He told me all when the blood was streaming and smothered his words. He had married me by the command of his father for my

money, but had afterwards learned to love me when he saw I was so devoted to him, but he had not the courage to tell me of you and his child. I often noticed him looking sad, and when I asked him to tell me what was troubling him he would say: ' Don't be so kind to me, I don't deserve it, I am very, very wicked.'

" We have no children, our first-born, a boy, only lived one hour; the second, a girl, only three days. Since then my health has never been good, but he was so kind, so indulgent with all my weaknesses, that I can hardly realize he was ever unkind to any one. But his father was a stern old man of iron will who made him leave you and marry me for my father's money. All this I could not tell to your son nor to anybody else than to you. Will you tell me you forgive him? I know your heart is pure and good or you would have troubled him while alive. Don't sit so mute, you frighten me; shall I call your son—the servants?"

" No, no, don't call anybody," was her response, " but speak of him, of him you loved, the only one I have ever loved save my child." At the thought of her son she broke out into sobs, and the blessed tears brought balm to her heart. Silence prevailed for a long time, save the sobs of both. At length a knock was heard, and a servant inquired if the ladies wished to take refreshments with the gentlemen. Both would have declined but for appearance sake, and, after bathing their faces, descended to

the room where the gentlemen had transacted their business.

On entering Mrs. Stephens approached Willie saying: "I hope you have consented to take, in addition to the name which you bear already, the name of Stephens, which was the last desire of my dear husband and also my sincere wish."

"If my mother consents to assume that name also I shall, but otherwise I must decline, as I shall never bear any other name than my mother whom I love and honor, and who can, if she prefer, refuse this bequest and need never tell me why. I know she will do all for the best if it combine with honor."

"She will not refuse," was Mr. Vidal's reply; "and now, ladies, I have to beg you to sign those deeds that we are able to congratulate the new lord of the estate."—(All signed).

The end of this story is very short now. Mr. W. Merrick Stephens and mother never returned to Montreal, but are living with Mrs. Stephens (the widow) on the same estate and never has there existed a more perfect harmony and friendship—both trying to make each other happy and those around them. The last I heard from them was the following letter:

LONDON, *December* 18.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

Don't be angry that I call you old. I know you are not much older than myself, but it seems you are nearer to me when I address you so. How my life has changed! You

used to tell me the evening will be better than the morning. How true! She is so good (his wife), both Willie and I cannot help loving and admiring her. She thinks Willie looks like him and has many of his ways. If her health is good next spring we shall all three visit Canada; I think the sea-voyage will do her good. I shall be so proud to introduce her to you, and so glad to see you again who helped and advised me always for the best. You can write the history of my life if you like. Why did you ask my permission? You well knew I would do more for you if you let me. I know you will not say anything to harm us, and I shall forever consider myself in your debt, but you must send us one of your books when out. Willie joins with me in sending his best regards to your husband and children and believe me for ever your grateful friend.

EMMA MERRICK STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Tale of Bigamy.

Lillie Malcolm was the daughter of Scotch parents who had emigrated to Montreal about the year 1835. Her father was a schoolmaster, having a private school in the neighborhood of St. Antoine street, and at the time of their arrival in this city Lillie was about the age of ten. The little girl was precocious and talented, and very pretty, and was also, as regards both these characteristics, admired and made much of. As the girl grew older she became a little vain and conceited, her principal aim being to gain the plaudits of the visitors at her father's house for her singing or other performances, which were many and various, the versatility of the girl being remarkable. By the time she was seventeen. Lillie Malcolm became known as the prettiest and most accomplished young lady in the neighborhood, and no church or Sunday-school gathering was complete without a song or recitation by her.

But Lillie aspired somewhat higher than Sunday-school concerts and such circumspect circles. She longed for an *entrée* into the inner and higher circles of Montreal society where she felt that she could rise above the common level, and take a position in keeping with her education and accomplishments. Unfortunately for the ambitious girl

her father, though highly respectable, was very poor, and so altogether debarred from participating with his family in the round of social pleasures in which the *bon ton* of Montreal indulge; added to this, he was a strict Presbyterian, and was averse to consenting even when his daughter *did* receive an invitation to some of the houses of her limited number of acquaintances.

The poor girl fretted and repined at her lot. She could manage the household affairs if required, but her mother or sister invariably attended to that, and so her talents were not brought into requisition; she could speak fluently and, as a clergyman or lawyer, would certainly have distinguished herself, but women were not required or even tolerated as clergymen or lawyers; she would (so she imagined) have made an excellent wife for a fairly rich young man, but the young men did not seem to want wives without money or social rank, and so poor Lillie fretted and fumed, occasionally attending the many brilliant weddings which were celebrated in the fashionable churches, and wondering how it was that so many plain and unattractive girls got husbands, while she was without even a proposal. It is true she had no lack of admirers; these flocked round her like bees in a flower-garden, but few of them were eligible as suitors; and the few who were, although they admired her openly, and paid her great attention, never approached the subject of marriage.

Things went on in this way till Miss Malcolm was

twenty-three, when she made the acquaintance of Captain FitzMarshall, an officer of Her Majesty's army, who was stationed in Montreal. FitzMarshall was very highly connected, being the grandson of an English Duke, and was greatly sought after by the belles of Montreal; but he, having met Lillie Malcolm by chance at the house of a mutual acquaintance, vowed that she was the only beauty in Montreal, and was even marked in his addresses to her. Lillie's heart fluttered with delight at the thought of actually out-doing the acknowledged society belles, and she would have been in ecstasy if she could only have appeared on the arm of her admirer at one of the public assemblies to which he had offered to bring her, but her father would not permit her to enter a circle unfitted for his means and her station, particularly as neither he nor her mother would be present to look after her.

Before the close of FitzMarshall's second year in Canada he had made Lillie Malcolm's heart glad by offering his heart and hand; he also communicated the matter to Mr. Malcolm, but the latter gentleman shook his head dubiously, and asked him if he had consulted his friends in England. When he replied that he had not, the old gentleman gently but firmly informed him that, although he esteemed him highly, yet he would not have his friends say that he had been entrapped into a marriage with one who was socially his inferior, and that, till he had written to his relatives and obtained their consent to his marriage, it

would be better for him to discontinue his visits to the house. FitzMarshall pleaded strongly, but the old man was firm, and so the poor love-sick Captain had to content himself with the assurance that, if his friends consented to his marriage (for although a Captain he was only twenty-four), he would be only too happy to confide his daughter to his keeping. Accordingly the young officer took his departure from the house, with the understanding that when the return mail arrived from England he was to call at once, and, if agreeable to his family at home, to be formally betrothed to the fair Elizabeth.

The weeks rolled by as if they were years, and at the expiration of that time FitzMarshall received letters from home, ordering him to obtain leave of absence and to take the next steamer for England. With a heavy heart he disclosed the contents to Mr. Malcolm, who of course expected something of the kind, and told him that he must now discontinue all communication with his daughter. The order came, unfortunately, too late, as the young couple had already met frequently clandestinely and forestalled their expected honey-moon.

However, to England FitzMarshall must go or be disinherited, so, bidding his inamorata to cheer up, that he would soon be back to claim her as his lawful wife, he set sail, and left the poor girl, soon to become a mother, alone with her austere father and unsympathetic mother. Weeks went by without a word from him for whom the girl

would have laid down her life, and her letters, written we may say with her tears, were returned to her unopened. The truth flashed quickly on the young girl—she was deserted! The aristocratic friends of the young man would never allow him to see her more, and he was weak enough to be put in pupilage. Quickly making up her mind how to act, with indomitable courage she gathered up what little trinkets and jewellery she possessed, she converted them into money which yielded her nearly two hundred dollars (for she had received valuable presents from her lover and some money), and, one evening slipping out quietly, she took the train for Toronto, proceeding from thence to Detroit, where she established herself as the widow of an English officer, prepared to receive pupils in languages and music.

But she was prepared for more than this. Her heart had become thoroughly steeled by the harsh treatment which she considered she had received from her father and others, so she laid herself out to make what capital she could, not only out of her accomplishments but also of her beauty, and with such success that she obtained an elegant establishment at the hands of a wealthy Michigan shipping merchant, the public being led to believe that she had become possessed of an estate in trust for her child (a boy) who was just then born. For several years she lived in this way, always moving along quietly and respectably, when the old gentleman died, leaving her but a few hun-

dred dollars capital, for he had neglected to provide for this contingency, and she, with less forethought than one would imagine, had never considered such a possibility. Mrs. McClintock, as she now called herself, began to think of returning to her old business as a teacher, but there was little necessity, for an old gentleman who had made a fortune as a distiller, an acquaintance of the deceased merchant, soon made excuse for calling upon her, and made undoubted advances to her. It may be that he knew something of his friend's arrangements, or that he only suspected them ; however, the widow managed matters so adroitly that he imagined he must have been mistaken, and that the reports he had heard were not true. The house was elegantly and tastefully furnished, the lady was modestly, yet richly attired, the little boy and his nurse lending an air of respectability to the whole establishment only to be out-done by the conversation and demeanor of the lady herself, who was not only the peer, but the superior of any lady among the large circle of the old gentleman's acquaintances. He called about some lessons for his eldest daughter, but was informed that Mrs. McClintock no longer gave lessons ; he then suggested that she might recommend a teacher of French, and endeavored to prolong the interview, but the lady sedately answered all his queries with a sad and pensive expression far removed from what he had expected, and rising politely, rang the bell for her servant to show him out.

After a little time, however, the old man returned to the charge. He had bought the terrace in which Mrs. McClintock lived, and called to know what he could do in the way of repairs, etc. He pressed his suit in various ways, but the widow pretended not to see it at all till she had the old man down on his knees; then she played with him most adroitly, explaining that her lonely position left her open to the tongue of rumor, and that she could not allow him to call so frequently. She played her cards so well that the old man firmly believed she was a modest and retiring widow, and did not the law forbid him, he would have married her. As it was, she led him to hand her the deed of the house she lived in, and to settle a large amount on both herself and his child (a beautiful girl), who was born about a year after his first visit to her house in his capacity of landlord.

Notwithstanding all her precautions Mrs. McClintock was the subject of much gossip in the neighborhood in which she resided, and many were the guesses (many of them wide of the mark) which were made about her past history. But they could only talk vaguely and shrug their shoulders at the mention of the lady's name ; for she lived very circumspectly, had a pew in St. Paul's Church, and stood well with the minister and leading church people ; her children too were models of neatness and propriety, and though as unlike as children having *one* common parent could well be (Jessie being dark and petite

with piercing brown eyes, while Charlie was tall and exceedingly fair), yet they had both the enviable reputation of being the best bred and best behaved children on Jefferson Avenue.

As the children grew up they were sent to school, and both, though of different temperament, were distinguished for their superior ability. Jessie was quick at anything requiring an amount of ready talent and acute comprehension, such as Arithmetic, Geometry, and Modern Languages, but Charlie excelled in Classics and what are generally considered the heavier sciences, and was particularly talented as regards music. He would sit for hours playing the exquisite *Lieder Ohne worte* of Mendelssohn, while Jessie would shrug her shoulders if asked to play, and call on her brother, saying she could not bear "that nasty practising." In spite, however, of her neglect of this accomplishment (for which she had great natural talent), Jessie McClintock was in great demand in society, and notwithstanding the equivocal position held by her mother (for although not openly expressed there was a general feeling that all was not right with that lady), the young people were asked everywhere, and their mother kept them carefully in the *very best* circles, for which their natural talents and excellent education eminently fitted them.

The children, who had seen a gentleman supposed to be their father come at intervals and then disappear, naturally were inquisitive, and from an early age were taught

that their father was a captain on an Atlantic Steamer, and of course was frequently away from home. As the children grew up the story told by them concerning that gentleman did not coincide with that of the mother, who had always pretended that her husband was dead, so it was thought advisable for her to remove to Montreal (her parents having long since died), and assume the rôle of a grass widow whose husband seldom got off his ship, and then but for a short time, coming generally at night and remaining indoors during his brief stay. Mrs. McClintock bought a house in University street, and rarely went out; her children, however, went to the best schools, and, having made acquaintances, soon began to go out in the best society as they had done in Detroit. Charlie soon became entered as a Law Student in the McGill University, and Jessie had a visiting governess engaged to finish her, a resident young lady, for obvious reasons, being considered out of place. Jessie grew up a beautiful young lady, and was the acknowledged belle in many a drawing-room; Charlie went little into society, being engaged in prosecuting his studies in the University, applying himself so assiduously that in a few years he graduated with honors, carrying off a gold medal.

The people who lived opposite Mrs. McClintock on University street were curious to know all about that lady's proceedings, and set a watch on all her movements. They discovered that at times a carriage was driven hastily up

to the door, generally late at night, from which an elderly gentleman alighted and entered the house; but, although on the alert, they were never able to make out his features or even his general appearance, so quickly was the door of the house opened and closed behind him. Yet even this discovery was hailed with delight by the gossips; and as after each visit Jessie appeared with a new watch, locket, brooch, or other trinket (sent, she said, from England by her father), the tongue of evil report wagged freely, and was not at all times strictly confined to the truth.

Mrs. McClintock was much annoyed when she learnt (from a sympathizing friend) of the reports which her neighbors were circulating concerning her; and, as she knew their eyes were constantly upon her house, she managed to invite the clergyman and his wife, with a few others whom she had met in church circles, to dinner, and manifested such an interest in the sewing society that the principal ladies of the congregation called on her in succession; and although they never got beyond an interchange of formal visits, yet it served to puzzle the gossips in the streets, and one or two who had "forgotten" to call on Mrs. McClintock when she first came to the locality paid her a formal visit; their shaky position in society being secured by the fact that all the best people called there, including the Bishop and clergy, and so *of course* there could be nothing wrong. For all this plausible reasoning they inwardly believed that there was "something wrong,"

and many of those who called did so mainly under the apprehension that they would discover something, or read in the countenance of their notorious neighbor something that would give a clue to her past or present career.

But those who called from curiosity were sadly disappointed. The house was neat and well-ordered, yet not extravagantly furnished; those who met the children were astonished at their appearance and apparent good breeding, while the hostess received them with the cool courtesy of an English gentlewoman. The callers went away puzzled more completely than ever, and to add to their mortification the lady *did not return one of their calls,* shewing thereby that she did not care for their acquaintance. Thus their imaginary condescension was the means of their being snubbed by one whom they considered scarcely fit to be allowed to inhabit the same street.

When Jessie was nineteen her Mother gave a large party, inviting most of the young lady's school friends, also a number of Charlie's fellow-students, besides the Rector of the church and his wife and a few of the neighbors who had always been friendly to Mrs. McClintock, although having their own ideas regarding her pretensions. All went merry as a marriage bell, and they beguiled the time with music, whist, bezique, and like recreative amusements, after which supper was announced, and the party sat down to a spread such as few of them had ever been partakers before, and all served in the most elegant style.

The viands having been thoroughly discussed, the Rector rose and proposed the health of the young lady in whose honor they were then assembled, and in a highly moral speech wished her many happy returns, and all the joys this world (and also the next) can afford. The toast was honored with acclamation, and then one of the guests stood up and proposed "the health of *Captain and Mrs.* McClintock."

A damper was thrown suddenly on the whole company. Every one seemed to feel embarrassed; and though no one dared to look at his neighbor, and the toast was immediately drank by all, yet there came a peculiar feeling over each person present, as if some spiritualistic influence were at work restraining their speech and laughter, aye and even forbidding them to breathe freely.

For a time the silence remained unbroken. At length Mrs. McClintock motioned to Jessie to rise, thus giving the signal for a general departure to the drawing-room. Here the music was again brought into requisition, and a few of the young people enjoyed themselves with a game of casino, but the hilarity of the early part of the evening was conspicuously absent, those assembled taking an early leave and departing homeward. The gentleman who had unwittingly worked on the feelings of the remainder of the guests felt that there was something oppressive in the atmosphere, and tried to elicit an explanation from a neighbor; but he could get no reply excepting a tongue thrust

into that gentleman's cheek as much as to say—" You've put your foot in it, old fellow," and a significant squeeze of the left arm near the elbow. He had essayed a solo on the harp, and, unfortunately had struck the one cord [not chord] which was out of tune.

Mrs. McClintock preserved an even demeanor throughout the entire evening; indeed, it is questionable if out of the whole party (the young people excepted) there was one so fully self-possessed; and she had such command over her facial muscles that she bid her guests adieu with a smile as gracious as that with which she had received them. She gave no more parties, however, but confined herself to inviting a few of her most intimate acquaintances to tea or an informal dinner, to which they were ever ready to accept an invitation; as, whatever might be the antecedents of the McClintocks,they were certainly refined and elegant people, and *kept the best table in the city.* In time the old gentleman went the way of all flesh, leaving Mrs. M. independent in every respect. She continued to pass for some time as a grass widow, but after a few months she coolly inserted in the Montreal papers the following:—" At Calcutta, on the 18th ult., Captain Charles McClintock, in the 56th year of his age." Then she went into deep mourning, the children also dressing in mourning and refusing to go into society for a time. In about eighteen months after they donned their ordinary attire, and, as many of those now forming the circle known

as the " upper ten " did not know, and others did not care to remember, anything concerning their past history, they were received with open arms, being young, accomplished, and, best of all, tolerably wealthy.

Jessie is now married to a wealthy dry goods merchant, and one of the leaders of fashionable society. Charlie is making headway as a lawyer, but, having an independent allowance, does not exert himself very much. The old lady lives pretty much to herself, and, it is said, not unfrequently takes a glass of Curacoa or Moraschino to drown unpleasant reflections. Let us, however, before sitting in judgment upon her, put ourselves in her place, and consider if we would have done half as well (morally) under the circumstances. Although a disobedient daughter, she has proved herself a true wife till shamefully deserted, and a self-denying and tender-hearted mother, who, though giving herself up to shame for their sake, kept her children from every breath of even scandalous report, and placed them as well-educated and respectable members of society. At such a one let only he who is without guilt among us cast a stone.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Unfortunate Sailor.

Among the many thousand pretty girls that might be seen any fine afternoon walking down the shady side of Buchanan Street, Glasgow, few would be found possessing more attractive features and pleasing expression than Agnes Malcolm. Not that she was the most beautiful girl in Glasgow, for Agnes was hardly what one would call a beauty; but there was a something in her face that made it particularly attractive, and caused every passer-by involuntarily to turn and look after her, although, were the pedestrian cross-questioned as to what he found to admire in the young lady, he would have been puzzled what to reply. Agnes had regular features, good hazel eyes, but not unusually bright ones, a high intellectual forehead, and tresses of a light auburn hue; her cheeks were soft as peaches and as delicately tinted, and when she smiled, which was often, she displayed a complete set of teeth for which no dentist had ever received a fee. Her sister Alice was the acknowledged belle of the circle in which the Malcolm family revolved, and was already of a much more decited type, but Agnes had a frank, lovable expression of countenance that brightened everywhere she went like a sunbeam, and although she was not particularly witty (being indeed rather reserved and shy in her manner), yet she had

such a sweet voice, and talked so naturally and with such a lack of affectation, that it was a pleasure to hold converse with her.

Mr. Malcolm, the girl's father, had been Captain of an ocean steamer running between Glasgow and Baltimore and adjacent ports; he had gone down in the good ship Cyclops, or rather the *bad ship* Cyclops, for she proved herself to be utterly unseaworthy, and foundered on her first trip out; Mrs. Malcolm, being near her confinement at the time, was taken prematurely ill, and, although she rallied for a time, she never got fairly well again, and finally followed her husband to the grave, leaving the two girls to the care of a married sister of their late father, who, having educated them as became their station, was at the time of which my narrative treats debating whether she would send them out to earn their living, or, keeping them a little longer, bring them out in the hope of getting them married.

Alice saved her all further deliberation by announcing in her careless, happy style that she had engaged to marry a young ship chandler who had frequently came to the house, but had paid so much attention to *both* the young ladies that it was difficult to tell which, if any, of them he was going to marry. Having made up his mind, however, he did not wish to delay matters, so, as Alice was only too happy to start an establishment of her own immediately, he gave notice at the kirk for the following week, and the

wedding was celebrated amidst much rejoicing. Alice was glad to get a husband, and to be independent of her aunt. Mr. Taylor, her husband, was delighted to get such a beautiful and accomplished bride, and the old lady, Alice's aunt, was heartily glad to get rid of them both, so that never was rejoicing more universal.

But poor Agnes was not so elated. She did not mind her sister being preferred by Mr. Taylor, for she did not want Mr. Taylor, and besides Alice was two years her senior, and it was to be expected that she would be married first. It was her position at home that made her feel miserable. Whereas the work had been divided between the two girls, it now was supposed to be done by one; moreover, Mrs. Whitcher, Agnes's aunt, began to bully her more than ever, wondering *aloud* why she could not get a husband as her sister had done, after so much money had been spent on her education, and so forth.

Agnes could have had her choice not of one, but of *ten husbands*, had she wished to do as her sister had done and taken the first eligible man who offered. But the idea of marrying for an establishment never entered her unsophisticated brain, and, as she had not yet met her *beau ideal* of a husband, she waited patiently, bearing the scoffs and jeers of her unsympathetic aunt without a murmur, and giving in return for her daily bread labor that in any other establishment would have yielded her no small remuneration.

Among those who visited at Mrs. Whitcher's house, and had any time in the past two years paid attention to Agnes Malcolm, was a young man named George Fairfield, second mate of the ship "Glenalpine," a good looking young fellow about twenty-three years old, who was the son of respectable English parents residing at Liverpool. Agnes, though rather partial to the young man, had paid a deaf ear to his addresses, not caring to marry a man unless she could give him her whole heart, but after her sister had gone, and she was left in utter loneliness, the rude but honest sympathy and love of the handsome sailor went to her heart, and she consented to marry him on his return from his next trip.

George Fairfield went off as happy as if he had been suddenly appointed Port Admiral. He felt not the ground he walked on, so light was his heart and also his tread as he stepped home with his eyes fixed on the stars, but his mind picturing that happy scene which had been all too short. He whistled a bar or two of "Love's Young Dream" as he stepped gaily along, hoping to receive orders to sail on the morrow; not, as he tried to explain to his lady-love, that he was anxious to get away from her, but because he wished to be soon back again, when, receiving a berth as first mate, he would be in a position to claim her as his bride. The ship did not sail for a week, and when it did George would have pleaded for one day more in spite of his previous hurry to be off; however, there was no help for

it, "For men must work and women must weep, though storms be sudden and waters deep," and so Mr. George took his position at the taffrail, and contented himself with flying a blue handkerchief over the stern of the vessel till the forms on shore were no longer visible. Agnes returned to her every-day occupation as household drudge, sad at losing her lover, yet not so sad as she would have been had she really given him her whole heart unconstrainedly; she shed a few tears as the vessel left the quay, then turning homewards she mentally counted the weeks which were to elapse ere she should again see the tapering masts of the "Glenalpine." She made her preparations for her wedding methodically and without excitement, and, following her suitor's instructions, bought furniture according to her taste for the little cottage he had rented in anticipation of his exalted rank as first officer of a clipper.

At length the *Shipping Gazette* announced the Glenalpine as "homeward bound," and in due time she was entered at the Custom House. George rushed with all speed to Mrs. Whitcher's, and was met with open arms by his intended bride. She was not very demonstrative, it is true, but she was glad to see him, and as her face lit up at his approach, the poor weather-beaten tar forgot all about a fearful gale he had just came through and its attendant perils, and wondered whether Heaven could possibly be an improvement on Mrs. Whitcher's front garden.

The wedding took place (as previously arranged) the next

day, and the young couple took up their quarters at their new abode, George voting the cottage a decided improvement on the ship, and Agnes smiling with delight at the thought of leaving Mrs. Whitcher's for ever. The ship remained in port about three weeks, and during that time the young couple lived not only figuratively but literally "in clover," as the cottage they had taken was on the margin of a clover meadow, the sweet perfume of which pervaded the atmosphere with its health-giving gases, gladdening the hearts and adding to the vitality of all who came under its influence.

But no earthly joys can last forever. George received a telegram ordering him to be in readiness to sail at any moment, and finally an order for embarkation.

With a heavy heart he parted from his young and beautiful wife; the hope, however, of returning a richer man, better able to make her comfortable, cheered his manly spirit, and, clasping her once more in his fond embrace, he jumped into the boat and gave the men the order to pull to his vessel. His wife stood on the shore wistfully gazing at the ship till she was no longer visible, then, with a heavy step, she turned slowly homewards. She thought of the long weary hours she would have to count ere she would see him again, and, although she had never loved him passionately, she felt his departure so keenly that she wept long and bitterly. For days she sat moodily looking out at the sea in the direction his vessel had taken, and a

sad foreboding filled her heart that she would never see him more. Her comforter in her fitful hours was her maid, a French-Canadian girl, who had some years previously come to England in the capacity of stewardess on an ocean steamer, but, having taken fever during the vessel's stay in port, and been conveyed to the hospital, she was obliged to take service till she could again procure a situation on board ship. This girl—she was named Arline Bertrand—was a native of Montreal, and at this time about twenty-four years of age and rather good-looking. Bending over her mistress she would say: "Ah, Madame, Monsieur Fairfield he come back *riche, riche,* with plentee nice thing for you!"

A few weeks after the vessel's departure Mrs. Fairfield received news from the agents of the safe arrival of the vessel at Montreal, and shortly afterwards she received a letter from her husband, full of joy at the prospect of seeing her again, and of clasping her in his arms. But, though "man proposes, God disposes," and the programme which poor George Fairfield had so fondly laid out and hoped to execute was destined to be sadly altered. Weighing anchor late on Saturday night they proceeded slowly down the river, and on the following Tuesday were out at sea. The wind was blowing a little fresh, but that suited Captain Fairfield admirably, for as it was a strong westerly wind, and blowing right astern it only sent his ship on all the faster, so, crowding on nearly all the canvas his

experience had taught him was safe, he bent over the taffrail, and whistled for more wind to bear him joyously along.

All day long they scudded gaily onward, and although towards evening the wind moderated a little still they went along at a pretty fair pace, and Captain Fairfield and his ship's company drank their grog heartily, anticipating a pleasant and speedy voyage. At bedtime the Captain went on deck, and, ordering the mate to keep a good look-out, went below and "turned in." He was not long in his berth when he heard a great running and shouting over his head, and then the cry of "Ice ahead!" from the look-out met his ears. With one bound he rushed on deck, and gave the order, to "'Bout ship," which the mate had already given; but there was no time to do more than port helm, and so avoid the direct shock from the massive iceberg, into which at that moment they rushed with terrible force, the water pouring in in torrents, and many of the men being killed by falling pieces of ice which towered several feet above the mast-head. The boats were lowered with all speed, and were hardly clear of the "Glenalpine" when she went down with a plunge head first, and not a vestige of hull, spars or masts was to be seen. A few of the men had jumped or fallen into the water; these were all picked up, and on counting heads it was found that none were missing except the mate and two sailors, who had been killed by the falling ice.

So great had been the hurry of shoving off that they found themselves without chart, compass, or provisions, save a little keg of water and a small flask of brandy. However, judging by the direction of the wind, which the Captain had noted carefully before retiring, the boats' heads were put in the direction of the island of Anticosti, and, keeping as nearly as possible together (there were three boats' crews), they pulled hard all night for shore. When the morning broke they fancied they observed the loom of the land in the distance, and a shout of joy involuntarily burst from the whole company; they were doomed, however, to disappointment, for, on the mist clearing away, they could observe nothing but sky and sea for miles on every hand. The Captain was completely puzzled how to act, so, summoning a council of war in the gig, they came to the conclusion that, as they might, instead of pulling toward the land, pull farther away from it, there was no use wasting their strength pulling at all, and that they had better keep a careful look out for vessels either going to or coming from America, and trust in Providence. The water was served carefully out, and the Captain took the brandy into his own charge, the men encouraging each other with tales of their past experience in situations equally trying and still more dangerous.

All day they bobbed about on the dancing waves, the oarsmen pulling just sufficiently to keep headway on their respective boats, but not a sign of either land or passing

vessel was visible. The last round of water was served out, and the men tried hard to induce the Captain to hand them over the brandy, some of them sullenly, and intimating an inclination to take the bottle by force; but the Captain cocking his revolver, which he had fortunately retained, they subsided into silence, and lay moodily at the bottom of the boat. They passed the night with heavy hearts, and when morning dawned despair seized every man of them, for not a vestige of land was to be seen, neither was there a boat of any kind in sight. Fortunately the weather was remarkably calm and clear, so they had no difficulty in keeping together, and in sharing equally their little supply of water, but now that that was gone what were they to do?

Just as they were about to give up all hope a cry of joy from the boat further to windward caused the occupants of the other two boats to rest on their oars, and turn in that direction; they strained their eyes in the endeavor to descry something beyond, but could see nothing. However, those nearest the point in question evidently could, and so they turned back and pulled against the wind with all their might, and in a few minutes the boatswain sung out, "A sail ahead"! causing their hearts to jump for joy. It was indeed a vessel which was rapidly coming towards them. It proved to be an American brig called "Frances Smith," which was bound for the Mediterranean, and the Captain no sooner sighted the signals of distress which

were waved from the boats than he immediately hove to and picked the exhausted party up. The brig was rather crowded, as she was of small tonnage; however, the crew never murmured at the new-comers, but consented to accept a reduction in their rations, so that the half-famished men might receive a daily allowance.

The brig proceeded on her way, the rescued men insisting on doing their share of the work, and greatly lightened the labors of the crew. Within a few days, however, their powers were tried to the uttermost: the wind freshened to a gale, and threatened to annihilate the poor old brig, which was not in extra seaworthy condition. They were by this time more than half-way across the Atlantic, where the seas run sometimes as high as the yard-arm, and take several days to calm down when they have once been lashed into fury. The ship's timbers creaked and groaned, and the carpenter and his men had much ado to stop the numerous leaks which sprung in her sides. The next day it blew a hurricane, taking the fore mast and mainmast away, together with most of the rigging, and leaving the vessel almost a total wreck. As they were not far from the southern coast of Ireland, the Captain ordered the boats to be got ready with sails, arms and provisions; he also took with him a chart and compass, by which he was enabled to steer for the Fastnet Rock. There was scarcely room for the large party in the boats, but they all got safely in, a few minutes before the waterlogged brig went down like a lump of lead. They

had not much to eat, but they had a good supply of water, and, as all the boats were well fitted with sails, the Captain hoped to make the Irish coast within a few days, the wind being much more moderate and in their favor.

Poor George Fairfield was sick at heart. He was so anxious to get home to his darling wife, and there he was for the second time at sea in an open boat, without the means of communicating with his loved Agnes, or of telling her why he was not at her side. Nevertheless he accepted the state of affairs with calm resignation, and he and the American Captain laid their heads together to find out exactly where they were and what course they had best pursue.

As they had had time to take with them a sextant chromometer and Palinurus, they had no difficulty next day in taking observations, and found themselves about five hundred miles W.N.W of Mizen Head. As it was no use depending on being picked up they made all sail in that direction, and so rapidly did the strong west wind propel them that on taking observations the next day they found themselves nearly one hundred and fifty miles nearer land. It was fortunate that they made such headway, for they had only one day's provisions left, and the water was getting pretty scarce; however, the wind continued favorable, and in less than three days more, half famished and thoroughly chilled from exposure, they found themselves at midnight a few miles from the entrance of Queenstown Harbor.

Furling their sales, they took to the oars with a will, and pulled wildly towards the landing-place, where they were pleased to hear voices in conversation. Just then a long whistle was heard from shore, and a husky voice half whispered, "Boat ahoy!" "Aye, aye," was the glad response as the shipwrecked men threw the painter to the owner of the voice, and taking their arms and instruments, bounded on shore. Imagine their surprise to find themselves surrounded, their muskets knocked from their hands, and the latter speedily encircled with a pair of manacles. The Captain of the Brig tried to remonstrate with the commander of the party, but a navy revolver was pointed at his head, and he was forbidden to utter a word. Finding resistance and remonstrance altogether out of the question, the unfortunate men marched on silently as directed, mentally endeavoring to explain this sample of Irish hospitality, and confident that there must be a mistake somewhere, but of the precise nature of that error they had not the faintest idea.

Arrived at the gaol, they were severally incarcerated and their handcuffs taken off. Then, as they signified that they were hungry, they were liberally supplied with buttermilk and oatmeal porridge, which many of them thought the best and most sensible part of the whole proceeding. As it was past midnight, and they were all nearly exhausted they allowed their curiosity to wait till the morrow, and, without any questioning or speculation, fell st asleep, most of

them remaining quiescent until late the following afternoon. When they awoke they found a warm meal awaiting them, but no reply as to the reason for their detention could be got out of the turnkey, who seemed to think their question one of the greatest jokes ever perpetrated within the precincts of that edifice. At last Fairfield summoned the turnkey. There was something commanding in his tone which bade the gaoler treat him with respect, and to his enquiry as to whether he could see a lawyer the man replied that he could send for one immediately, but would vouchsafe no information.

In a short time Councillor Quinn called in answer to Captain Fairfield's summons, when the latter asked him to explain what reason the authorities had for treating him in this fashion. The eminent legal practitioner evidently thought this as great a joke as did Mr. Fitzgerald, the turnkey, for he thrust his tongue in his cheek, and remained silent. On Fairfield reiterating the question in a stern tone he became more serious and said affably: "My dear sir, do you not *know* what you are arrested for?"

Fairfield then became angry and said: "If I did, why would I send for you to tell me? Is this your boasted Irish hospitality, in the exercise of which you lock up every man who happens to be cast away on your shores, and then laugh at him when he asks you a civil question?"

On seeing that Fairfield had really lost his temper, the astonished barrister said: "Did you not command the party

of armed men who were captured last night in the harbor?"

"I commanded a crew of shipwrecked sailors, as also did my companion in ill-treatment, Captain Westover."

"Ah! Well of course you can put in that plea if you wish at your trial, but I am afraid it will avail you little. Your arms, too, are of an American pattern, similar to that known to be used by the Fenians."

"Good Heavens! do they take me for a Fenian?" said Fairfield,—why, I am an English officer, captain of a merchant vessel of the port of Glasgow."

"Have you any papers to prove this?" said the lawyer.

"No, they all went down with the vessel, but they can easily find out whether my statements be correct by communicating with the agents."

"That will be for you to do, when you are brought to trial, which may not be for some time, as there is a surplus of work on hand this session."

"But can I not demand a trial?"

"No, the *Habeas Corpus* Act is suspended, and you must just make yourself as comfortable as you can under the circumstances."

Poor Fairfield wrung his hands and stamped the floor with rage. He cursed Ireland and her people and laws, or rather the want of them; then, as reason took the place of passion, he sat down and wrote a letter to his wife, informing her of his deplorable condition, and urging her to

communicate with the agents of his vessel immediately. This letter never reached her, for, having heard of the wreck of the Glenalpine (some portions of the bows being found by a homeward-bound steamer imbedded in a large block of ice), she never doubted for an instant but that her husband had gone down with the vessel. The poor girl now felt almost broken down. But for the sake of the child which she expected she would have likely died with grief. The Canadian girl, Arline Bertrand, had told her so much of Canada, especially of Montreal, that she decided to follow the girl to her native land, and try to earn a living for herself and child, should God spare it, there, particularly as her aunt, Mrs. Whitcher, seemed to be afraid poor Agnes should return to her. Mrs. Fairfield accordingly sold her little household goods, and soon after bid her aunt and sister farewell, and took passage on a Montreal steamer, Bertrand having secured for herself a place as stewardess. Arrived in Montreal, she visited the girl's parents, hoping to find reasonable lodgings during her approaching sickness, but the girl's mother did not believe her daughter's story about her young mistress, but thought her a young unfortunate girl who had come to Canada to hide her shame. She offered kindly to bring and introduce her to the nuns of St. Pélagie as the most proper place for her in her condition. Mrs. Fairfield, thanking her, was glad to find so suitable a shelter. Paying her board a week in advance, she retired to her room, but found to

her surprise the room had several more occupants all in the same condition. The manner and language of those unfortunate creatures did not suit Mrs. Fairfield at all, and as she mentioned her disappointment at not having a room to herself to one of the nuns, she was informed that a private room was three times the amount. The sister also told her that the babe when born could not be cared for there, but would have to be sent to the Grey Nunnery, and that she had better part with it as soon as born. This frightened poor Agnes so much that she resolved not to stay there, come what might. Asking the next morning permission to take a walk, she had great trouble to get it granted, the nun informing her that the people in Montreal were so very bad, and that she would run great danger to go out alone. But Agnes thought she would risk this danger. She accordingly went up Campeau street, at which corner St. Pélagie is situated. She walked and walked till she came to St. Mary street. There inquiring for the residence of a physician, some kind person directed her to Dr. P.'s drug store on Notre Dame street. To him she told her story and her desire to find a more suitable place. He gave her the address of my house, and advised her to come under my care. On hearing her story I could not for a moment doubt her truthfulness, and received her gladly at my place, sending the servant with a note for Mrs. F.'s things to St. Pélagie in the afternoon, which were, after some little delay and trouble, handed out to her, no

doubt the sisters feeling sorry that the fair young English lady did not return. Her former servant, Arline Bertrand, having returned as stewardess to England again, Mrs. Fairfield did not care to let the girl's mother know that she had left the convent, hoping to find means to let Arline know her whereabouts later, as the old lady had certainly meant well enough when bringing her to St. Pélagie. Mrs. Fairfield was only three weeks at my house when a baby boy was born to her. Then her sorrows seemed to be greater than ever. She thought of having lost her husband, the father of the innocent baby, so early seemed almost to kill her, and I frequently heard her implore God to take them both. But it was not in his wise ordination to grant her wish. She regained her strength gradually, and with it grew the love for her child which in all unconsiousness grew quite a stout little fellow who wanted to be fed, clothed and cared for, which obligations fell alone on its mother, and as her means became always smaller, she decided to take a situation with a wealthy family from Savannah who were staying at this time at my house, the Southern lady having taken a great interest from the beginning of their meeting in Mrs. Fairfield, offered her a comfortable home and fair compensation if she would accompany them, attend to the wants of the lady and her baby during their travels, and act as companion and housekeeper when at their Southern home. Mrs. Fairfield took it very hard to part

from her little boy, but leaving it with a reliable nurse, and under my special observation, she was reconciled at last. Hoping to return in one year, she left. Every thing went on well. Her letters were full of gratitude. Her Southern friends never allowed her to feel her subordinate position for a moment. She also remitted regularly the wages for the nurse, and little George was, when fifteen months old, a lovely fair boy, and as large as a child two years old.

Some months passed during which I did not hear from Mrs. Fairfield, nor did the nurse receive her payment. I wrote to Savannah, but received no answer. The nurse, a poor woman, naturally could not keep the child without payment, and brought him one fine afternoon to my house to leave him, and also demanding the back pay. My own children, being delighted with the dear little fellow, we decided to keep and bring him up as our own child should his mother never return. And many of my fair patients will remember the lovely, little curly-headed fellow who would run into the parlor uninvited, but whose large blue eyes would appeal so sweetly to be allowed to stay. Indeed we all became so attached to him that we hoped nobody would ever claim him. And, as twelve months had passed, I gave up all hope of ever hearing from Mrs. Fairfield again.

Fairfield had been confined in Pentenville, having been convicted on a charge of felony-treason, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. His wife and friends not having heard of his trial, no one was present to bear testimony in

his favor, and both he and his men (many of whom happened to be Irishmen) were imprisoned. The Americans claimed the protection of their flag, a covering which proved sufficiently substantial to protect them, but the only flag which could have been claimed by poor unfortunate George was the very one he was accused of attacking.

As the British Government did not wish to deal harshly with Fenian prisoners, or, as its enemies said, was afraid to trample any longer on the Irish people, George Fairfield and his companions, in common with many real Fenians, were liberated some years before the expiration of their term of servitude. Fairfield at once sought his late home, hoping to find his wife and child still alive, and cursing his fate, which had cast him twice on the pitiless ocean, only to be arrested and imprisoned as soon as he got to land. But the worst had yet to come. When he arrived at his old home and found it occupied by strangers his heart sank within him; on enquiring for Mrs. Fairfield he was informed that she had gone to America with her servant Bertrand. Grasping the railings to keep himself from falling, the poor stricken man gazed wildly at his informant, as though stunned by a severe blow; then gasping out an apology of some kind he rushed along the street like a madman, stopping not till he had got far out into the open country. There, throwing himself headlong on the grass, he shed tears of anguish, moaning as if in bodily pain. "Why did I not go down with the ship?" he cried bitterly; "Was it for this

I toiled twice over on the open sea? Ah, why was I ever born to be tossed about, imprisoned, and deserted?"

For hours he lay insensible on the grass, till the cool evening air, bringing his mind once more into activity, he arose with a groan, and slowly retraced his steps, not caring whither he went. Passing along the quay he looked at the dark, sullen water, and for a moment was impelled to cast himself in and so put an end to his misery, but something in his better nature restrained him, and he walked moodily along to where an ocean steamer lay preparing for sea. Anything was better than inaction, so, as his money was all gone and he would have some difficulty in obtaining a position as Captain or even as mate, he shipped as a fore-mast hand, and took his place with the crew. Right glad would he have been to have changed places with any one of the jolly tars around him; their songs and jests, however, diverted the current of his thoughts and kept him from his bitter reflections for a time at least.

In a short time they were out at sea and, having plenty of work to do handing sails, reefing and steering, he almost forgot his great and deep heart-wound, and, although he could not be prevailed upon to sing a song or even to join in a chorus, yet he listened attentively to the yarns of the sailors, and always applauded their songs.

The vessel was trading between Glasgow and Montreal, and within a short time they were anchored at the latter port; the sailors all went ashore as soon as the vessel was

safely moored, and Fairfield having nothing else to occupy his mind, went up the wharf in search of Bertrand's parents house. He was directed to a house on St. Bonaventure street, where he found the mother of Arline Bertrand all right, but her daughter was not at home. She had gone as stewardess abroad again and married there. She had promised to visit her parents at some future time. When Captain Fairfield enquired about the lady she had come out with three years previous, the old lady broke out into sobs, and told him that the lady had died during her confinement in St. Pélagie, but that the nuns would give him more information about it if he would go there. If the babe had lived she did not know, but the sisters had offered to give to her daughter the lady's clothes and trunk if she came herself to demand it. This last blow seemed to be the hardest in all his sorrow. Thinking himself so near to find his beloved wife, and now all gone and forever, it seemed to hard. But he would go and see the nuns and hear how she had died, and if his child had lived or was alive now. This thought gave him new hopes, and, Madame Bertrand offering to accompany him, they proceeded to St. Pélagie to obtain an interview with the Lady Superioress. He had never thought of the child before, but now it was his whole thought and hope to find it alive.

Arriving at the convent he had not to wait very long to see the desired lady, and on informing her of his wishes she most kindly consented to search all records,

but, as the number of patients received every year is very large he had to content himself till the following day when she would give him all the information he desired. The next day seemed never coming. But at last poor George felt as if his worst doom would be sealed now. The lady in waiting informed him that she felt happy to be able to tell him that his child (a little girl) was alive and at that present moment at a convent in Cemetery street, where he could see it and take it out on payment of its maintenance. The lady's clothes had been disposed of. As already stated, a long time had elapsed since her death. Capt Fairfield, with a few lines from the sisters of St. Pélagie, proceeded to the St. Joseph's Home, on Cemetery street, and, on handing the note, a little girl about three years old was shown to him to be his child. The poor little girl seemed afraid to look at him, and as the child could only speak French he felt as if a board was between him and the child; but her looks, he thought, were somewhat like his beloved Agnes. The child's little curls had been cut a few days before, so a nun told him. What was he to do with the child? He was not a Captain now, and would have to make first a position for himself again, and then he could claim his child. The child seemed happy, and the nuns offering to keep it for a moderate price he decided to give what money he had earned during his passage and come again and again till the little girl could speak English to him, which the nuns promised to teach her, and then to take her home to

his native land. He had no parents alive, but he thought when going back to England he would call and see Mrs. Taylor, Agnes' sister Alice. He had never visited her, and he felt so bad to think that she had not helped her sister in distress. He well remembered his wife's spirit and independence, and that made him think that his wife had never made her wants known to them. However, the ship sailed again. He brought toys and sweetmeats to his darling little girl, to whom he felt with every visit more and more attached, and the parting was harder than he could have imagined.

Returned to Glasgow. On a later voyage, he proceeded at once to Mrs. Taylor's house, and was struck at the happy appearance of his sister-in-law, who, when she recognized him, became quite alarmed and was near fainting. When Mr. Taylor, who was struck for a moment also, regained his self-possession, he allowed poor George to tell his sad story, both listening with interest. But when he related how his wife had died and he had at last found his child—Alice broke out, "She is not dead! She is not dead, George! We had a letter only a week ago. She is in Paris." George Fairfield was thunderstruck at this revelation. Alice brought the letter, which he saw was from his Agnes. But how could be this mistake with the deceased lady in the convent and the child,—whose child was it!

Agnes wrote to her sister that she had intended travelling with the Southern family to the Continent. When on the

ocean the Franco-Prussian war was declared. They had to stop at Southhampton and, instead of going to Germany, they went to the South of France, and, as she had no letters from me for some time, she was almost beside herself. The Southern lady being in such delicate state of health she could not think of leaving her, but had to accompany her. All letters sent from or sent to France were carefully inspected by the Government, and thus it happened that I had not received any communication for a long time. She had at last expected that her letters had gone astray, then she had written to her sister, Mrs. Taylor, asking her to write to me and try to obtain in this way information about her boy.

Captain Fairfield would have liked to start at once in search of his darling wife, but Mr. Taylor, who saw the danger for him in going to France at this time, prevented him from acting rashly, also fearing that the sudden shock to Agnes in seeing her husband whom she had bemoaned so long would be of great injury to her health, so it was decided that Alice should write first, saying in her letter that there were some hopes of Captain Fairfield being alive. The next mail should bring a letter from the Captain himself to his wife. Both letters were duly posted, but when the steamer on which George Fairfield was mate was ready to sail again no answer had been received from France, and George had to cross the ocean again.

Having received my address from Mrs. Taylor he intended to come and see me on his arrival in this port, and this time

he was more fortunate: the ship made a quick voyage, and as Mrs. Taylor had written to me by a previous steamer, informing me of all these strange incidents, I looked out for him.

One afternoon in the month of August, 1871, when I was driving along the wharf, I saw a steamer coming in, and on enquiring the name of it I found it was the one with which I expected Mr. Fairfield. I drove home with all speed, and as it was late in the afternoon Master George had his little white frock pretty well soiled; but, on telling him his papa would soon be here to see him, he consented readily to leave his play and undergo an extra bathing—his little skin being so fair the least speck would show—and scarcely had we finished the operation when the door-bell rang and a weather-beaten gentlemen inquired for me. His surprise was great when he found I had expected him, and on seeing his beautiful child his happiness knew no bounds.

As soon as he had a little rested he related to us all his trials and miseries, which seemed like a fairy tale. But when would Mrs. Fairfield return and meet her husband, was the next question, and where? He came every day and spent many an hour at our house playing with his child and wishing for his wife to return. He often said it would be almost too much happiness for him; that he was afraid something might cross his plans again. I had written to Savannah again to hear if the family would return from Europe soon. At last a letter came informing

me that the family, as also Mrs. Fairfield, had embarked on a New York steamer, and would be expected home within a short time. When Captain Fairfield heard the good news he made arrangements not to return with his vessel to Glasgow but await the arrival of his long-lost wife. He telegraphed to the agents in New York, desiring them to deliver a telegram at once to Mrs. Fairfield on her arrival. The message read thus : " Mrs. Capt. Fairfield is wanted in Montreal immediately. Important business. Answer." In two days we had an answer which read : " Will start at once, hope all well, Agnes Fairfield." Late in the evening the same day the New York train arrived rather late, but with it Captain Fairfield's wife. When the Captain saw his wife approaching he dropped the boy and ran towards her, calling her by her name, but she no sooner saw him than she fell senseless just inside the hall door. I would have raised her ; but shoving me aside he took her tenderly in his arms and carried her upstairs. Then calling her by all sorts of endearing terms he conjured here to open her eyes and speak to him. After a time she revived. When she came to herself, she gazed wildly around the room, enquiring eagerly, Where is he ? I had persuaded Captain Fairfield to retire to an adjoining room for a while, and then brought little George to her, pretending her enquiries were meant for him ; but her mind was perfectly clear, and she demanded an explanation. I then told her in short what had occurred, when she

broke out in an hysterical cry. I called Captain Fairfield to her, imploring him to try and dry her tears. But he let his head sink into his hands and wept like a child himself. Little George did not care for this proceeding at all, so he said he rather would keep me for his mamma because I did not cry. I hope he never will have the tenth part of the trial both his parents had.

For some time the now happy family stayed at Montreal, but at last Captain Fairfield had to resume his duties, but as he would never part from his wife and child again, he took both on the steamship with him. The parting from the dear little child George nearly broke my children's hearts, who had looked upon him as their baby brother, and I promised to myself then never to take a strange child into my house if I could not keep it for ever, for even my old heart fretted after him.

The little girl in the asylum whom Captain Fairfield thought his child he did not forget, but took with him to England on a later trip, where Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who had no family, adopted her. The nuns at St. Pélagie were surprised when they heard of the mistake which was made, but could never find out who was the young English girl who died alone there. God has certainly taken care of her child, for it is in a good home, well provided for, and much beloved. Captain, Mrs., and little George Fairfield visited, before their final departure, the parents of Arline Bertrand, on Bonaventure street, and informed them of

their existence. The old lady was so surprised that it took a long time to explain, but she promised to let her daughter know all about it.

Captain Fairfield is not crossing the ocean any more, having received the appointment as harbor-master in an English port. He does not want his son George, who is in College yet, to show any liking for the sea. But I hope to see once more before I die the young man whom we all loved so dearly when a baby-boy.

The Night-Bell.

My night-bell was pulled very hastily, it was about two o'clock, the night was bright, it was autumn, and, as I hastened to see who wanted me in such a hurry, I saw two young girls sitting on my house-door steps: both had been running very fast, the case was urgent, and the little rest they took before the door was opened would enable them to return all the faster. I had hardly opened the door when both commenced to beg me in the most imploring manner to go at once with them to see a young woman who, as they thought, must be in great distress.

I put on my outer garments, took the street and number of the house, as the party was entirely unknown to me, and then accompanied them on their way, which led us through Craig street East, past a beautiful field—the same where Viger Garden is now. A few more crossings were passed, and we arrived at the scene where my help was wanted.

In front of the house was a policeman walking to and fro. The house was medium size, built of wood, was gray, freshly painted, and so were the green blinds. On the road going the two girls had told me that the house where I was wanted was not a very good one, but, if I had a heart and was a mother, for God's sake not to refuse but to go with them. The presence of the guardian of the peace encouraged me; and if I felt a little chilly at entering a den of vice as this was it must be excusable as, till then, I only knew of them by name and what little I had heard of them.

I was at once ushered into a little bed-room, from where the shrieks of a female voice had come as if in great agony and in great pain. I found a young girl not past her seventeenth year, yet in the last state of labor,—it was a sight I shall never forget as long as I live: years have past since then but it is as fresh in my memory as if it were yesterday, and in my ears are the sound of her voice to help and protect her from the inhuman abuse which another inmate of the house showered down upon the poor victim.

I discovered that the poor young creature—we will call her Martha—had only come to Montreal the day previous, and, on inquiring for a boarding house, was driven by a carter to this den. The house being full of occupants the landlady had made her occupy the same room with another bad character, a great bony female about forty years of age, with painted face, and attired in disgusting finery. This great, big, hardened creature then gave the greatest

trouble, would have me remove my patient out of her room, even at the risk of her life, and I was obliged to call the assistance of the policeman to have her quieted.

After a while all was quiet except the feeble cry of a little girl who had been born. Born in a house of vice, what will become of it and its child-mother ? such were my thoughts then, and now, after many years, I can tell the reader what has become of them, of some of the inmates anyhow.

The woman who kept this house I must, in truth, confess was a good-hearted person herself, being led astray when quite young, had never thought of the wrong she was committing by keeping a place of this sort. She had a widowed mother living in the States and a family of smaller brothers and sisters who depended mostly on the ill-gotten money this unfortunate eldest sister would send them for their support. This *Madam Flora*, then, was very kind in her way to Martha, and offered to take the baby and bring it up if I was willing to place it out to nurse with a respectable woman until such a time that she could take the child herself, as she intended to give up this life of shame.

Martha was a girl well brought up, had been in school till shortly before this episode of her life, but it was not her mother who had been her companion during the last two years.

Her mother who was too much occupied with her smaller children and other household affairs had thought it better to send her daughter to a boarding-school to finish her

education, and this was the end of it. If all mothers would only take the care of their girls when fourteen years old into their own hands a great deal of trouble might be spared to them. The three years from the 14th to the 17th is such a critical time for most girls, and should be passed under the care of the mother and under her care alone, and every mother ought to try to become the best friend of her daughter, not the stern mother who has forgotten that she herself was young once, and who finds it too much trouble to listen to her daughter's little tales, by which she alone is able to guide her child, and save her in many instances from eternal destruction. Thus poor Martha had no mother who would listen to her girlish stories. She found plenty companions in school and very bad advisers. When the truth of her misfortune dawned upon her, she thought of nothing but to fly from the place to where she did not know, till the destroyer of her virtue advised her to go to Montreal, where he would in short join and marry her. To confess to her mother she could never, and her father she knew would never look at her again, so she followed his advice, left her home under some pretence, and came to the place where I found her. She was very glad to get somebody to take the child from her, for she was fully resolved to lead a better life, and how could she ever do it with a baby; she was hardly fit to earn her own living. She told me that an aunt of hers was living in Halifax, the wife of a sea captain who had no children,

and who had often written to her mother to send one of her children to her. So she resolved to visit this aunt if some kind person would help her to get there. I consulted with some of my wealthy and at the same time charitable Christian friends, who have been always ready to help me when I had some needy patients, and with their assistance she was sent for some weeks after her recovery to a nice widow lady in the country, and after receiving satisfactory information about her aunt in Halifax she was sent there, and has, so far as we have ascertained, never overstepped the bounds of morality again but was married four years later to a friend of her uncle, also a sea captain. She has a large family now, and whenever she writes to me she always prays that God may forgive her and guide the little girl she parted so easy from some years before.

The wife of a private soldier in the Canadian rifles, named Rice had at the same time lost her own baby only six weeks old, and as her quarters at the barracks were good and healthy I proposed to send the child there, Madame Flora offering to pay all necessary expenses. I made arrangements accordingly, and little Emma (the baby) was soon an inmate of the barracks. But now a new trouble arose. Mrs. Rice was a sobre, clean, industrious woman, who with the pay she received for nursing the baby could make herself and place very comfortable. This made the less fortunate soldiers' wives jealous, and their thoughts were

bent on nothing else for awhile but how to get the poor little waif out of barracks. The baby thrived well under Mrs. Rice's care, but cried at times, as all healthy babies will; but as the babies of the other soldiers' wives never cried—so their mothers said—they would not suffer a cry-baby in the room, and such a mysterious child where nobody knew where it came from, and could not find it out either. The larger rooms in the barracks were in general occupied by different families, and the one where Mrs. Rice had her quarters was a very large one. It was called the ship, and was occupied at this time by forty different families. Each had a certain space, say about 12 by 14 feet, allotted to them, and it was indeed a surprise to me how neat it was kept, and how one woman would try to have her place in better order than the other. Their packing boxes were converted into dressing tables, a little muslin curtain pinned around it, a looking glass in the centre, and a few ornaments, sea-shells or East Indian curiosities gave the whole a nice appearance. The washing or cooking had to be done in out-houses, and at night each family had a large curtain drawn around their respective place, and it was really astonishing how little sickness existed among so many men, women and children. Every morning at 10 o'clock the officers on guard accompanied by a sergeant on duty had to visit each respective home, and report any irregularities; and so it happened that my baby was reported as being a great disturber of the peace. Poor Mrs. Rice was

in great trouble. She had learned to love the child, and was afraid she would have to part with it. What was to be done? She was ordered to appear the next morning at 12 o'clock before the commanding officer to receive sentence for her offence. I had attended a great many officers' ladies in this regiment, also the Colonel's lady, and was well acquainted with that gentleman and his kind heart, so I bid Mrs. Rice to keep quiet but dress the baby it was then three months old) in its little white fur jacket and cap, and bring it with her before the officers, and promising that I would meet her there also.

On my way I met the Doctor of the Regiment, a very kind-hearted gentleman who, on seeing me, enquired what mischief I had done. I told him of our trouble, and begged of him to intercede for the poor baby, if possible, and, as he was well aware that the health of Mrs. Rice was so much improved by nursing the infant, he thought he would be able to help us.

Mrs. Rice entered the room the infant in her arms, the Doctor and myself following. The colonel, on seeing such a procession enter, could not help smiling, and as the Doctor with all his eloquence stated our case and of the necessity for Mrs. Rice's health to nurse the baby, and the danger to the little baby's life in changing its nurse, the Colonel, as a father, and a true-hearted gentleman, gave not only consent for the baby to stay in barracks, but

ordered other quarters to be given to Rice and his wife, —a whole room to themselves, where the baby could not annoy anybody.

But my story is growing too long, I will hasten to end it. The new quarters into which Mrs. Rice moved were near the rooms occupied by the armor sergeant and his wife who had been long in service, and had saved quite a little fortune, but children they had none. Both became soon so attached to their little neighbor that they offered quite a sum of money to Madame Flora if she would give the child over to them for adoption. I used all influence in my power to persuade Madame Flora to give the child up, to which she at last consented. I felt a heavy burden lifted off my heart and conscience when the papers were lawfully made out which gave the dear little baby into the hands of good Christian people. Now the child had full rights to live in barracks, but its adopted father's time was in, and he retired with a good pension which, along with his savings, enabled him to buy a house and garden in New London, where the baby has grown up into a fine young woman, not knowing to this day that her dear father and mother are not her natural parents.

Madame Flora has retired from her life of shame, trying to bring up her younger sisters in the path of virtue. One of the young girls who had summoned me on that eventful night in such haste has also reformed, and is living with a family as helpful servant a good many years,

and she has often told me that the events of that night were the first cause to her for reflection. The other inmate of the house whom I mentioned, who was so cruel and disgusting, fell lower and lower,—nothing could we do for her—she would listen to nothing, and a sudden death ended her life of shame.

May the Lord have mercy on her and guide me, the narrator of these incidents, in His ways, so that when the last bell will be rung to summon me before Him I need not hesitate but answer joyfully : I am ready, I am ready to go.

THE END.